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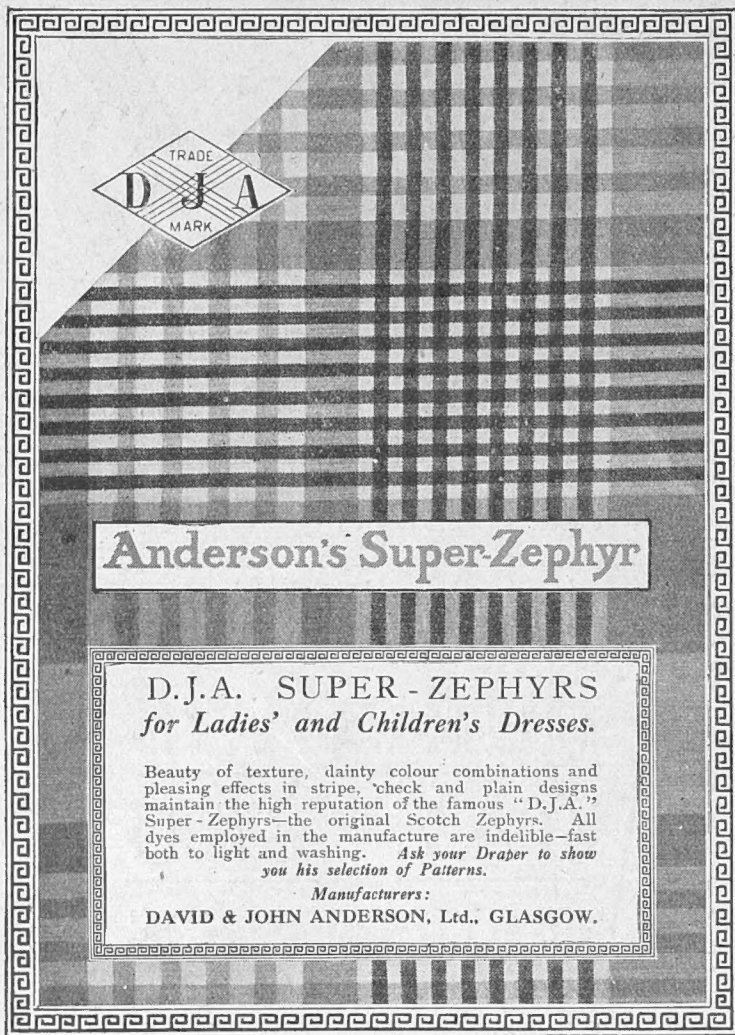
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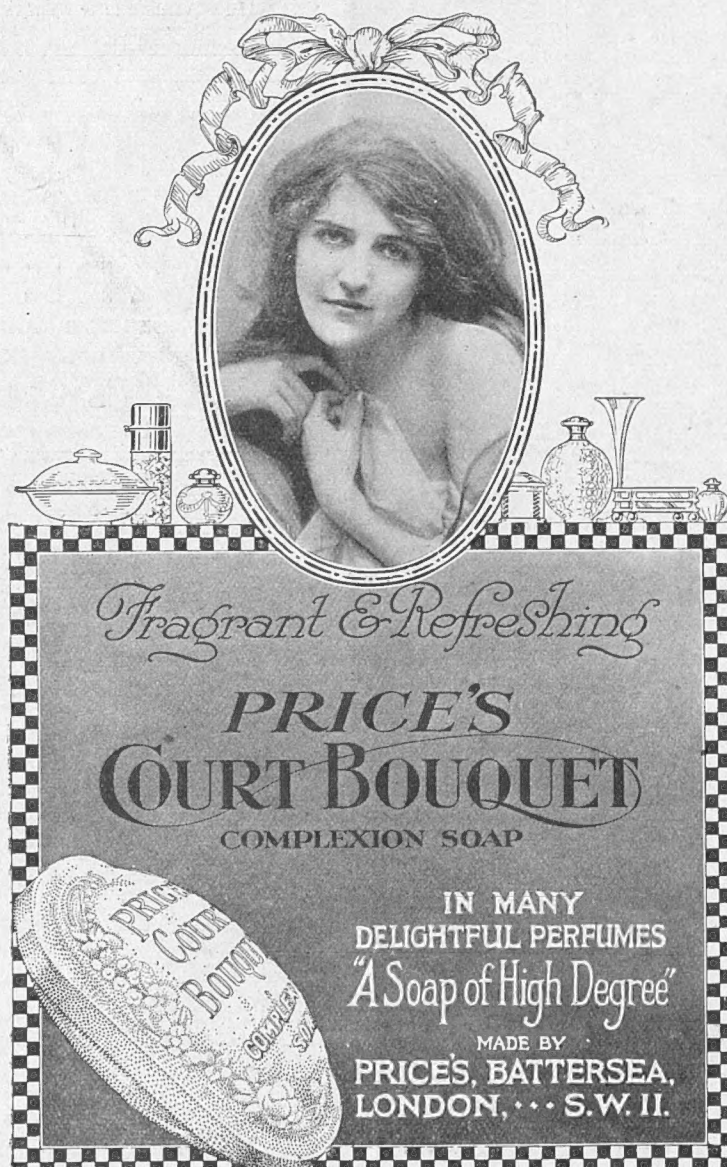
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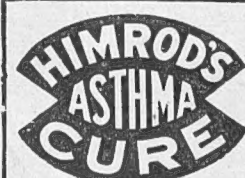


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The Sketch

No. 1361.—Vol. CV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE : MAJOR A. W. BIRD, D.S.O., R.A.F., AND MRS. BIRD (MISS CLARICE BARTON FRENCH).

The wedding of Major Augustus W. Bird and Clarice Mary, only daughter of Mrs. and the late Mr. S. Barton French, of New York and Virginia,

U.S.A., took place at St. George's, Hanover Squares, last week. Friends were welcomed at 139, Piccadilly, lent by Baroness d'Erlanger.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

"Spiritualistic Monkey-Tricks"—by Nevil Maskelyne.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S description of a "spiritualistic séance" he attended on Feb. 15 has been going the round of the Press, and appears to have created some excitement. The "medium," who was accompanied by his brother, is a collier of Pendarren. Describing the two, Sir Arthur says, "They looked more like international footballers than spiritualistic media. They were fine specimens of humanity, perfectly open, and insisted on being thoroughly searched before the phenomena appeared." The medium was tied with ropes to a chair, the sitters joined hands, the lights were turned down, and then the fun began. Not immediately, of course, but after some hymns had been sung.

From the description of this séance one gathers that the bad old days of spiritualism have come again. We have the same old rattling of tambourines, the same old mysterious hands touching the sitters, the same old taking-off of the bound medium's coat, the latter being deposited in the lap of one of the sitters.

Now this sort of thing has been going on for generations, and, naturally, we have learned a good deal about it. From the very beginning it was obvious that, apart from tests of a stringent character, such "manifestations" could easily be produced by trickery. Thus it has been the common practice to devise and impose tests which should, if possible, prevent the possibility of trickery being employed. Yet, in spite of the imposition of tests supposed to be conclusive, mediums have again and again been detected and exposed. It has been found that tests supposed to be conclusive were really no tests at all.

For example, it has been shown that rope-tying is no test, and hand-holding is no test. Mediums have been tied and held in every possible way, and yet have found means for working their tricks. This has been proved to demonstration. Yet a capable man like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle can still reconcile it to his intelligence to believe that manifestations produced by a medium whilst bound and held must necessarily have a supernatural origin.

In the face of past experience, what reason can Sir Arthur have for assuming that what he saw at the Cardiff séance was anything more than trickery? Why should he so definitely assert that the power whereby the manifestations were produced is conveyed by the æther of space? The æther was sufficiently overburdened already, without imposing upon it the duty of banging tambourines and rattling castanets.

For goodness' sake, let us look at such matters in the light of common-sense. There is one rule of which sight should never be lost—namely, that, until we have exhausted normal possibilities, we should never assume the intervention of the supernormal. Looking back upon the history of this subject, we are bound to say that, in the present instance, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has no right to assume that normal possibilities were exhausted, and that, therefore, the manifestations could not be due to trickery. Mediums have been bound and held times out of number, and yet have had no difficulty in resorting to trickery. That is a matter of absolute fact, clearly demonstrated. Then, since it has been done before, why not again?

No mediums have been more securely bound and held than were the Davenportes and the Fays in years gone by. Yet they managed to work their tricks quite easily. And that they were tricksters is a fact upon which no doubt can be cast.

Of all the tests ever applied to a medium that of rope-tying is, perhaps, the most futile. To begin with, not one man in a million

knows how to tie a person securely. I have often heard my father say that, when reproducing the Davenport trickeries, he had sometimes the greatest difficulty in preventing the ropes from falling off him. People have always the idea that, if plenty of rope be used, the performer must necessarily be tied securely. If one turn of the rope does not hold him, another will; so put on plenty and he must be rendered helpless. No greater mistake could be made. I defy anybody to tie a person securely with a long piece of rope. Given rope enough, there will always be enough slack to enable the performer to get free. Years ago, the rope-tying business used to be performed at fairs and at street-corners. There is no reason to suppose that the art has entirely died out.

Of course, the most effective "manifestation" recorded by Sir Arthur is that in which the luminiferous æther dragged off the medium's coat and deposited it upon Lady Doyle's lap. Well, did not my father do that very thing years ago, at Sandringham, before the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra? Here is his account of the matter, as given in his *Reminiscences*—

"I mention this performance particularly, as some very amusing incidents took place. I was performing the famous coat-trick of the Davenportes. Ira Davenport, with his wrists tied behind his back and the knots sealed, could take off his coat in a few seconds. I improved upon that trick. I was secured in the same manner, and, in addition, I allowed a piece of tape to be passed through the button-holes of the lapels of my coat, tied tightly across the chest, and sealed. In this condition, I could take off my coat in five seconds.

"I had practised throwing things in the dark, and could aim very accurately. I threw my coat at King Edward, intending that it should fall into his lap. Unfortunately, however, my aim was not so good as usual. When the lights were turned up, his head was completely enveloped in my coat.

"To show that there was no trick in the coat, I asked to have one lent to me. The King told one of the party who was about my size to lend me his dress-coat. To create a laugh, I put the coat on inside out. When the lights were turned up, it was seen that the lining of the coat was a mass of rags. The King was convulsed

with laughter, and exclaimed, 'Dick, Dick, is that your coat?' The reply was, 'No, Sir; it is one I borrowed.'"

I have seen my father do this coat-trick many times, but I have never known him to have hymns sung in order to "harmonise the influences." Hymn-singing is, no doubt, an excellent cover for any noise an inexperienced performer may make in getting his bonds free enough to allow him sufficient room. But, really, comic songs would serve the purpose equally well. The idea of singing hymns in order to get the æther into condition for shaking a tambourine or for pulling a man's coat over his head seems ridiculous to the verge of insanity.

By the way, while they were about it, why did they

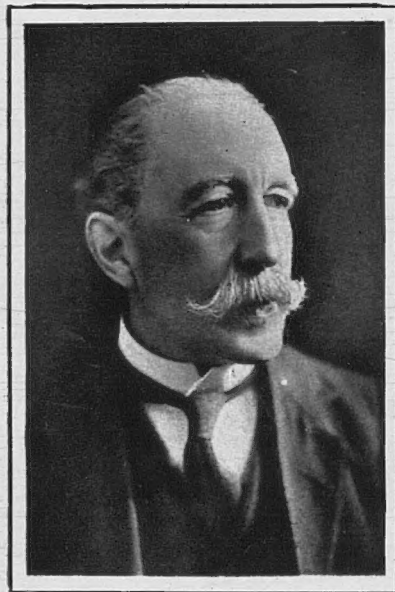
not think to tie up the medium's brother? It would not, of course, have served any useful purpose. But neither did tying up the medium.

By inference, the strong point about Sir Arthur's account is the presumed innocence of the collier-medium. That is nearly always the attitude adopted in such cases. It was so in the case of poor old Bournsell, the spirit photographer. But that did not prevent the rabbit-marks upon his negatives from showing evidences of three exposures—one for the sitter, one for the "spirit," and one for the halo surrounding the latter. It was so in the case of Eusapia Paladino; but that did not prevent her from being one of the most unscrupulous frauds that ever hoodwinked innocent-minded dupes.



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Sir Arthur believes that such happenings as those at the recent Cardiff séance are first lessons in spiritualism, the elementary step leading to the conversion of those who look upon materialism as the beginning and the end of Life. He urges that we have proof of communication after death.—[Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.]



MR. NEVIL MASKELYNE.

Mr. Maskelyne does not believe in the spiritualistic side of the Cardiff séance. His article gives his view.—[Photograph by Claude Harris.]

TAKING THE GOLDEN APPLE: NEW YORK'S GREAT BEAUTY BALL.



AT NEW YORK'S BEAUTY BALL:
MME. LBOVSKY IN A TABLEAU.



WITH THE GOLDEN APPLE, PRIZE OF
BEAUTY: MISS EDITH HYDE.



"WHOM HER BEARDLESS APPLE-ARBITERS DECIDED FAIREST": THE PRESENTATION OF THE GOLDEN
APPLE TO MISS EDITH HYDE.

The American Artists' Beauty Ball, in celebration of the Spirit of Youth, took place at the Hotel des Artistes, New York, on Jan. 31. The golden apple, as the prize for the most beautiful woman present, was awarded to Miss Edith Hyde, a brunette of twenty-two, daughter of Mr. Raymond Hyde, a landscape painter, and formerly the wife of Mr. Clarence A. Robbins. The judges seen in the lower photograph are

(l. to r.) Messrs. Harrison Fisher, Penrhyn Stanlaws, Howard Chandler Christy, and James Montgomery Flagg—all well-known artists. Mr. Charles Dana Gibson was also said to be one of the judges. The qualifications included, besides perfection of form, intelligence, strength, dignity, and grace of poise and carriage. It is well that both mind and body counted.—[Photographs by Topical.]



House-Hunting. To-day I started off on my house-search in a businesslike manner. Armed with my "Orders to View," I went the round of them all. At one the caretaker was out; at another, the drains were all wrong, the rent was preposterous; the next had just been taken, and the tenants were already in possession—and so on until worn out. I turned to my slips of "To Let" from the morning papers. I jumped into a passing taxi and made for the first address that caught my eye. In due course the taxi drew up—but surely I had come to a celebration or wedding, for no fewer than five taxis were standing by the pavement. But no; for the first time during my weary day I laughed—for, evidently, we had read the same small advertisement in the same large morning newspaper. This, of course, will be highly gratifying news to the advertising canvassers, but it does not make for enthusiasm when one is on a "House-Hunt."



ANOTHER ALARMING SHORTAGE. "Despite the severity of the winter, women's dresses in Paris still show a tendency to diminish both in length and in height—a phenomenon which has alarmed both the Church and the medical profession. Dressmakers declare that the shrinkage is imposed on them by the famine in dress materials."—*Daily Mail*.

progressed in knowledge if not considerably in inches, has just come back from a wonderful week-end spent at the Royal York Hotel, Brighton. She has dined—dined, mark you—with Billy Wells; and Harry Randall himself taught her some of the choruses of his oldest songs, after dinner. She saw Hetty King and Peggy Primrose—who, she says, is so pretty; but what made her very excited was that she was introduced to G. P. Huntly. It seems that the Fairy Godmother of the Revels has been Harry Preston, who, true to tradition, executed a sprightly little dance on the slightest provocation. I understand that everybody mentioned, and quite a large



THE FALLEN ACTORS' MEMORIAL AT DRURY LANE: THE UNVEILING BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Bishop is seen fifth from right. Third from right is Mr. Harry Dearth, who sang "Land of Hope and Glory," and on the extreme right Mr. Ben Davies. (Photograph by Sport and General.)

The White Rose.

My recently grown-up cousin, who has pro-



SEEN IN A FILM AT LADY ISLINGTON'S MATINÉE FOR THE "PRO PATRIA" DAY NURSERY; WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY LEADERS. From left to right are (in front, on the ground) Miss Queenie Thomas and Miss Poynder; (behind) Lady Cynthia Curzon, Lady Mainwaring, Mrs. Montague Porch (Lady Randolph Churchill), Miss Lutyens, Lady Gwendeline Churchill, Lady Islington, and Lady Joan Capell.

Photograph by Sport and General.

number of those who have not been mentioned, have sworn to wear the White Rose, the eternal emblem of the illustrious House of York, as a perpetual memento.

In the House.

Miss Joy Ryde returned to London very much annoyed with the weather she found there. When she was helped out of the train by Fred Farren she was not in a mood to have a dance. Determined to find something in the way of a lively contrast to the prevailing gloom of an English climate, she took the first taxi-cab which a benign porter with an

air of considerable condescension found for her and drove straight to the House of Commons. "At any rate," Joy confessed to me in one of her expressive moods, "I felt it would be more exciting than the Coliseum or the pictures." And Joy, with that mysterious intuition which belongs to youth, was right. When she got her little front seat at the New House of Public Entertainment, Mr. Bottomley was upon his legs and cutting and slashing the Government in all sorts of ways—about the Ministerial Re-Election Bill. Joy did not understand much about the various arguments—but she thought that Lord Winter-ton looked a darling, and that Mr. Will Crooks was a perfect dear. I sincerely hope that his Lordship was not jealous of this distinction.



HE'S GOT TO BELIEVE HER.

The Judge: "I tell you candidly I do not believe a word of your wife's story."
The Witness: "That's all very well, You may do as you like, but I've got to."
Law Report.

"Woollies." "Have you noticed my gloves?" said Joy Ryde to me, holding up two enormous-looking, hideous, grey-woolled hands. I severely cross-examined my little cousin, and discovered that she considers it smart to wear wool in any form, since it is so scarce. In spite of her gloves, I took her to lunch at the Savoy. During lunch she really startled me. "Look!" she said excitedly. "Look at that table! Would any woman have dared to wear those old golf-coats anywhere but on the links if wool were not so scarce?"—and she pointed to her gloves with a gurgle of triumph. "Next

time you see me," she whispered in a threatening manner, "I will be wearing thick woollen stockings." I hear that Mrs. Frank Brighton was the first to introduce the woolly glove into fashionable London; and Lady Lymelyghte has heard a terrifying rumour that there will be woollen nightgowns before the woollen craze is killed by some revival of chiffon!

An Albert Hall Fête.

Last week I had not the space to make more than a casual reference to the Three Arts Ball at the Albert Hall. I must tell you some more about it now. Certainly it was one of the events of the year. In the exuberance of colour displayed and in the frolicsome, unrestrained merriment that characterised every stage of the proceedings it recalled the old, happy, light-hearted



MILK FOR BABES.

The Vicar: "Are you aware that we require this milk for the hitherto recognised purposes?"
The Milkman: "I hope so, Sir."
The Vicar: "I merely mentioned it in case you may have thought we wanted it for the font."—*Daily Paper*.



ALL-CONQUERING LABOUR: THE SPADE AND PICK IN HERALDRY. This is the new badge of the Labour Corps, whose motto is "Labor Omnia Vincit" (Labour conquers all).

Photograph by L.N.A.

box. Sir Herbert Morgan's box was very full. Among his guests I observed Mr. Stanley Logan in a tight-fitting purple suit, and Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings, who is still in khaki. Naturally, the theatrical profession was well to the fore. Miss Winifred Barnes was dancing with Mr. Billy Leonard, who was scarcely recognisable in his disguise of an aged "gaffer." I almost collided with Miss Maidie Andrews and Miss Mimi Crawford — two "Yes, Uncle!"

stars—who were racing at break-neck speed along one of the corridors. In one of the boxes, Vi Loraine, Teddie Gerard, and Barry Baxter were having, apparently, a royal time. Nelson Keys, in his quaint costume of a sailor boy, attracted a considerable amount of attention. Edmée Dormeuil was disguised as an oyster, and must have danced herself dizzy. Among the other stars of the stage and of the musical world, I caught a fleeting glimpse of Ivor Novello, Mabel Green, and Nora Swinburne. Miss Margaret Chute, the organiser of the Ball, looked radiantly happy—as well she might, in view of the success that had crowned her efforts.

For Fallen Actors. I was present at a very impressive and touching little ceremony a few days ago, when the Bishop of London unveiled in the vestibule of Drury Lane



FIRST PRIZE WINNER AT THE "CANADIAN WAR RECORDS" FANCY DRESS BALL IN AID OF ST. DUNSTON'S: MRS. MCNEIL, WITH HER HUSBAND.

Photograph by C.N.

dances of pre-war days. Many of the dancers who were unable to obtain a taxi to take them home—why is it, by the way, that taxis are always scarcest when they are most wanted?—kept it up until the first morning "Tube" started to run.

Midnight Revellers. Of course, "everybody who is anybody" was there to grace the occasion. Lord Lonsdale appeared to be enjoying himself hugely, and among the whirling waltzers—though to-day the word "waltzer" seems sadly out of date—I noticed Lady Markham, Lady Lavery, and Lady Phillips. Miss Mabel Russell was entertaining a small party of friends in her



THE UNKINDEST (WOOD)CUT OF ALL.

"Vanity we believe to be the compelling motive of most of these strike leaders, a vanity which is fed by the illustrated papers. A woodcut of Bert, in the centre, with pipe, seems a small cause of such a big and nasty thing as a railway strike; but such is human nature."—*Saturday Review*.



WHAT WE MAY ALL COME TO: A LONDON FAMILY IN "FLU" MASKS.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

Theatre, a Memorial to the members of the theatrical and musical staff who had fallen in the war. The Bishop is always at his best on these occasions, and as he stood there, clad in a tight-fitting purple cassock, a somewhat wistful smile overspreading his spare, ascetic face, he looked the type of ecclesiastic of whom we might all be proud. His address struck the right note at the outset. Unlike certain acrid clerics, he is not ashamed to confess himself a playgoer, and he made a graceful reference to the enjoyable evenings he had spent at the theatre. "For nearly eighteen years now I have tried to be everybody's Bishop," he said—a statement that everybody who knows Dr. Ingram will heartily endorse. He

went on to describe the ceremony as "a tender act of chivalry and gratitude and love," and concluded with a glowing tribute to those members of the acting profession who had played their part so manfully in the larger theatre of war.

A Touching Service.

The service proceeded along simple lines. First, that grand old hymn, "O God, our Help in Ages Past" was sung. Then Canon Adderley, the Rector of the Parish, and himself a good friend to the Stage, read a lesson from Ecclesiasticus. At the conclusion of the service the National Anthem was sung, followed by "Land of Hope and Glory," beautifully rendered by Harry Dearth. Then came the most impressive moment of all. The doors of the inner vestibule were thrown open, and from within came the shrill, piercing bugle-notes of "The Last Post." Many eyes were wet with tears.

In the Audience.

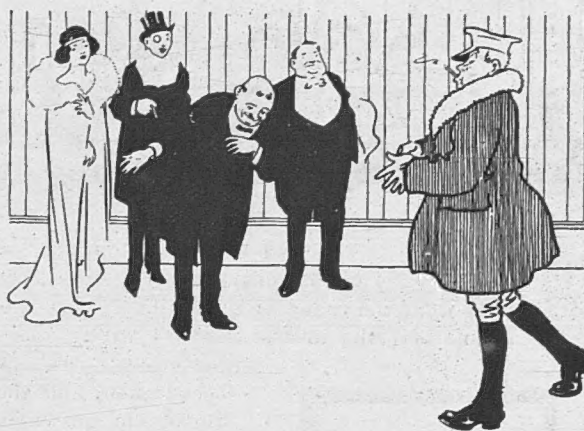
The audience was a small one, but it comprised many well-known theatrical people. Standing near the Bishop I noticed the tall, spare figure of Sir Frank Benson, who looked very striking in his Red Cross uniform. Mr. Louis Parker followed the service with his ear-trumpet. The Rev. Everard Digby, attired as an Army padre, and Mr. "Jimmy" Glover stood on the left of the vestibule. I could not help thinking, when it was all over, that even the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, had seldom witnessed a more moving drama.

At the Play.

The outstanding "first night" of last week was "A Certain Liveliness." I never miss a first night if I can help it, and I always enjoy a Hastings play. So, in spite of the horrid rain and sleet, I betook myself to the St. Martin's, and was fortunate enough to capture a good seat in the stalls. The little theatre was crowded with one of the most enthusiastic audiences I have ever seen. Admiral Sir Reginald Hall occupied a prominent seat. I noticed, too, many of the author's old friends. Mr. Herman Finck was making jokes to a company of male companions between the acts. Douglas Furber, author of "God Send You Back to

Me," and Emmett Adams (composer of the same), with his sister Bertie, was sitting in the same row of stalls as myself. Just behind me was Colonel Robert Loraine, who was wearing ordinary evening dress. Beautiful Lydia Bilbrooke and her husband were not far away. Mr. Macdonald Hastings was not there to "take his call" at the fall of the curtain; but Mr. Seymour Hicks responded on his behalf in a graceful little speech.

THE WORLDLING.



A SOP TO CERBERUS.

"On and after to-night the Trocadero offers some supper to every taxi-man picking up a fare there from 11.45 p.m. until the restaurant closes."—*Daily Paper*.



GOLF IN FULL SWING AGAIN AT WALTON HEATH: LADY STEVENSON PUTTING.

Photograph by Sport and General.



ACH! VOT VOS DAT?

"Two giant men in shorts and bare legs were hurrying past, scattering paper from bags. Shade of Bismarck! It was a paper-chase. Along the sedate Aachener-strasse they ran, followed a little later by a straggling column in pursuit, who turned out to be men of the Grenadier Guards."—*A Cologne Correspondent*.



SMALL TALK

THOSE of the public who are already acquainted with Lady Cromartie's novels and dramatic work will be interested to hear that she has almost finished another play. Mysticism and imagination have been the characteristics of the works she has hitherto produced; and some years ago "The Finding of the Sword," a not too cheery Celtic drama, made quite a good impression when produced at the Playhouse for some charitable object. The war stimulated her to write another playlet in a good cause, and the "Tiger of Asshur" gave the author an opportunity of playing as a dancing-girl, and the Aldershot folk a chance of seeing her do it—and, incidentally, of helping the funds of the Red Cross.

Her Mission.

Lady Cromartie is a sister of Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, whose dancing is almost as curious as the clothes she affects. Lady Constance, by-the-bye, was reported to have started for Russia some time ago for the purpose of teaching dancing to the children of that country. Whether she expected Art to stem the tide of

Bolshevism, or intended to restrict her efforts to the law-abiding sections of the community, I never quite discovered; but she was reported to be not long ago, if I remember rightly, somewhere in Siberia—which sounds a chilly spot unless one is clothed for the weather.

She Likes Simplicity.

Lady Gisborough, who thinks that dances in Armistice time ought to be as simple as possible, has the best of reasons for sympathising, as she professes to do, with young people's desire for frivolity. She and her daughters were all ardent war-workers, thus following the strenuous example set by

so long since the idea of a Frenchman being regarded in anything approaching that light by the English public would have been scoffed at as merely absurd. But the war has made us far less insular than of old. More than that, M. Clemenceau has pluck of the kind which appeals to the British sporting instinct. He has shown himself, too, the implacable enemy of Germany, and on that ground, if on no other, he would be certain of the approval of the vast majority of people in this country—who wouldn't, if it came to that, object to a little more plain speaking on the subject at home.

To-Day's Wedding.

Lord Althorp's wedding to-day (Wednesday) is the first of the two marriages that make this week unique from the point of view of social interest. To-day's ceremony at the rather—from the smart-wedding standpoint—unfashionable St. James's Church, Piccadilly, has a political as well as social interest, for the Spencer and Abercorn families represent, respectively, Whig and Tory traditions. But politics have not much chance against Cupid—nor, for that matter, against fashion—and the women guests at to-day's ceremony are far more likely to be envying the bridesmaids their yellow gowns, copied from Sir Joshua Reynolds's celebrated portrait of

Lavinia Countess Spencer, than recalling episodes in the political careers of the ancestors of the couple at the altar.

Testimonial for an Admiral.

Sir Berkeley Milne's retirement, and publication by the Admiralty of what may be described as an official testimonial to mark the event, recall the early days of the war, when, the *Breslau* and the *Goeben* having

successfully reached a Turkish fort, all sorts of extraordinary stories concerning the manner of their escape were immediately put into circulation. The cleverest of German spies could hardly have achieved, even under the most favourable circumstances, the various feats which, it was said, facilitated the escape of the two vessels; and there were quite a number of arm-chair critics who were not slow to point out that their success in this direction was not the best thing for the professional reputation of the Admiral in command of the Mediterranean Fleet. But "mares' nests" were plentiful at the beginning of the war. If there are still people who think that Sir Berkeley was lightly let off, the Admiralty statement should set their minds at rest once and for all.



ENGAGED: MISS HYACINTH BOUWENS.

Miss Bouwens, whose engagement to Lieutenant-Colonel George de Grey, D.S.O., 1st Norfolk Regiment, son of the Hon. and Mrs. John de Grey, of Airlie Gardens, is announced, is the only daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Bouwens and Mrs. Lambart Bouwens, of Boxmoor House, Boxmoor.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



TO BE MARRIED ON MAR. 4:

MISS OLIVE M. GLADSTONE. Miss Gladstone, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Gladstone, of Bowden Park, Chippenham, is to wed Major Robert Lindsay Loyd, O.B.E., M.C., 16th Lancers, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Loyd, of Downs House, Stevenage, at St. Anne's Church, Bowden Hill, Chippenham.

[Photograph by Lafayette.]



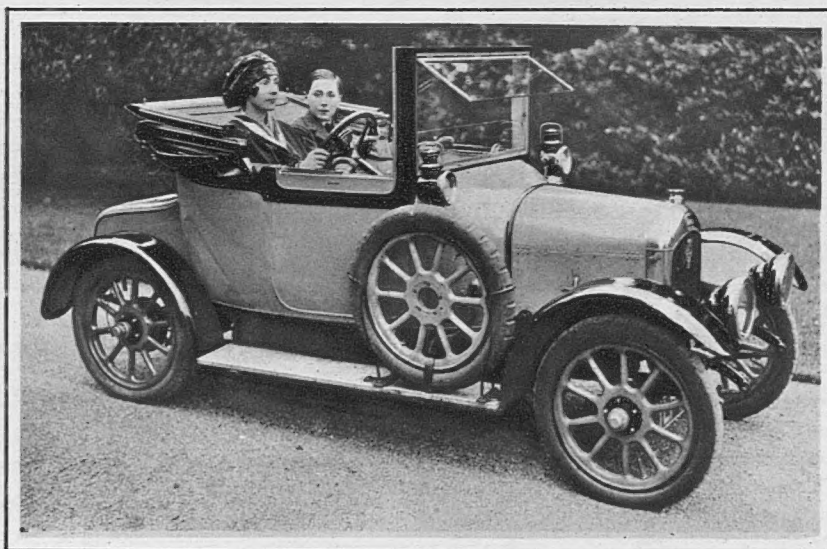
TO MARRY AN OFFICER: MISS LORNA GODFREY.

Miss Godfrey, whose engagement to Captain Ernest Cecil Dixon, R.E., second son of the late Mr. Henry Ernest Dixon, and Mrs. Dixon, of Palace Road, Surbiton, is announced, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Godfrey, of Palace Road, Surbiton.

[Photograph by Lafayette.]

Lord Gisborough—better remembered, perhaps, as Colonel Chaloner—whose military career began in 1878, and included service in India, Afghanistan, and South Africa, whence he was invalided home in the late summer of 1900. Lord Gisborough is brother to Mr. Walter Long, but changed his name to Chaloner under the will of the Admiral of that name in 1888.

The indignation roused in London, and England generally, when the news of the attempt on M. Clemenceau's life was made public last week was especially interesting as an indication of the respect and admiration felt for "The Tiger" in this country. We are not given to adopting other people's heroes, and it is not



MOTORING IN IRELAND: LADY WIMBORNE AND HER SON.

Lady Wimborne, who is here seen in her two-seated motor, with her son, the Hon. Ivor Grosvenor Guest, was, before her marriage in 1902, the Hon. Alice Katherine Sibell Grosvenor, daughter of the second Baron Ebury. Her only son was born in 1903, and she has two young daughters. Viscount Wimborne, P.C., was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1915-18.

[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

ARRAYED FOR "REVELRY BY NIGHT": POPULAR ACTRESSES.



1. IN A DRESS WORN AT THE BRUSSELS BALL ON THE EVE OF WATERLOO: MISS DOT TEMPLE.

2. HULLO, ALBERT HALL: MISS ELSIE JANIS IN HER "THREE ARTS" DRESS.

3. A PARABLE IN EPAULETTES: MISS FAY TEMPLE, A WELL-KNOWN FILM ACTRESS.

Miss Dot Temple, not so long ago a child-actress playing in "Where the Rainbow Ends" and kindred pieces, is now "grown-up," and appearing as the bride in "Oh, Joy," at the Kingsway. Her dress at the Three Arts Ball was the identical one an ancestress of hers wore on a more famous

occasion, when "there was a sound of revelry by night" in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. Miss Elsie Janis, we need hardly recall, is still queening it at the Palace Theatre in "Hullo, America" with wonderful success. Miss Fay Temple is well known on the films.—[Photographs by Hugh Cecil.]



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

Practical Idealism. I read an article somewhere the other day in which the writer jeered at President Wilson for his idealistic enthusiasm over the League of Nations. But the time has come when the stolid English must accept the fact that your idealist may be just as practical a man as the nearest pork-butcher. Every man who strives to give concrete shape to a mental conception is an idealist. George Stephenson was an idealist. To make a wheeled vehicle run along without horses or oxen was the dream of a visionary. It was a dream that evoked yells of laughter from the non-imaginative. Yet the non-imaginative are now content to light themselves, and warm themselves, and be carried round the world as the result of this madman's ideal which he put into concrete shape.

Wilbur Wright was another man who aroused the cackles of the non-imaginative. The idea of human beings flying was always safe for a big laugh in an average assembly. Even now, flying is considered very funny. There is a play in London which depends entirely for its humour on the idea of a man crashing to earth from the clouds. Yet the laugh is obviously, at the last, with Wilbur Wright.

The League of Nations is the most stupendous thing in the history of legislation. It is so stupendous that people simply cannot realise what it means to their children and their children's children. Even if it fails, it will leave the world the better for the attempt to stamp out - war. If it succeeds, it means that Humanity, instead of staggering forward an inch, and then backwards an inch, and then forwards a quarter of an inch, and so forth, has taken a mighty bound in the direction of Sanity, and Happiness, and all the things that would make life on this planet worth while if we could only secure them.

Tugging at Daddy's Coat-Tails.

And while this tremendous effort is being made, an effort which means nothing less than the liberation of the whole world from slavery, certain sections of the population—only certain sections, mind you—seize on the moment to hamper progress by clamouring about their own little affairs. I am in sympathy with the workers; I am in sympathy with every man who depends on his own labours for his money; but I do protest at the folly, to call it no worse a name, of hanging on to daddy's coat-tails when he is trying to down the burglar.

Good heavens! Are the so-called working-classes the only people who want a bit more for their labours? Are the so-called working-classes the only people who want better homes, and shorter hours, and more fresh air, and wider opportunities for their children? Take the life of the miner and contrast it with that of the doctor in a poor and populous district. It is true that the miner goes under the ground, and often works in a bad atmosphere, and runs certain risks. I have lately been down a mine and seen it all for myself. But, when his work is done for the day, it is done. The doctor's work is never done. And how about *his* risks?

Struggle for the "Vindictive."

The good people of Dover want the remains of the *Vindictive*. Portsmouth has her *Victory*; why should not Dover have her *Vindictive*? The Admiralty are sympathetic. They admit, it seems, that the people of Dover have a right, if anybody has a right, to the remains of the *Vindictive*. But the Admiralty object to the idea of the *Vindictive* being cherished as a relic. And they support their objection with a gruesome story.

The *Vindictive* has been mangled, it seems, almost beyond recognition, by the Hun. First of all, the Hun tried to blow her up. Failing in that, the Hun tried to blow her down. Failing in that also, the Hun tore and scabbled at the gallant old ship. They tore away her funnels, and her bridges, and her hatches, and her ventilators. They tore away everything on her decks. They left nothing but the hull. Surely, argued the Admiralty, Dover would not wish to preserve the mere hull as a relic?

But Dover sets great store by the mere hull. And I agree with Dover. Although the public of to-day and generations to follow us will never see the *Vindictive* as I saw her—just after she returned

from Zeebrugge and before she went to Ostend—I am quite certain they would like to gaze on the actual hull of this historic vessel. The "brows" are no more; the fighting-top, in which all but one of a gallant band of Marines went to their death, has been demolished by the iconoclastic Hun; but no matter. The hull, after all, is the main part of the vessel, and I wish the good folk of Dover every success in their struggle for its possession.

Another Pioneer Discouraged.

Cruel hard is the lot of the pioneer in this country. Do as others do, and the world will approve; betray the least touch of originality, and the English—probably the greatest moral cowards in the world—will shrink from you in horror.

A lady in South London has just joined the ranks of the disillusioned. Her idea of brightening life—and not such a bad idea, either—was to leave the house by the ground-floor window instead of by the door. Can't you understand how weary the imaginative mind becomes of using a door as a door and a window as a window?

My sympathies, at any rate, go out to this lady in South London. Her landlord, who happened to be a landlady, strongly objected to this new and refreshing mode of egress. She was scandalised. What would the neighbours think? It was never done! Everybody else in South London entered and left the house in the usual manner. This custom must be kept up, or South London would be in danger of resembling the South Sea Islands.

So the aggrieved landlady hurried to the police-court and told her grievance to the magistrate. "I don't think she can be quite right," said the landlady.

That was precisely what I should have expected her to say. Do as your neighbours do, however miserable the result, and you are "quite right"; do as you wish to do, and, however joyous the result, you are "not quite right." And some people thought the war had changed the British character!



A FILM STAR'S FANCY: BILLIE BURKE THINKS SHE HEARS A MOUSE.

LEADER OF A PROCESSION—AT THE PICCADILLY.



SEEN IN NEW CREATIONS AT THE SECOND SLAVO DANCE: MME. ASTAFIEVA.

Mme. Astafieva arranged to lead the procession at the second Slavo dance, and, on the same occasion, to render a couple of new creations—not at the Piccadilly Hotel, in aid of the Fund for Disabled Serbian Soldiers; Jazzes!—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]



THE Deans and Canons were unusually enterprising at the recent Convocation: they were even judged lively enough to be reported in the penny papers—the papers that were once a halfpenny. "We are over-loaded with prayers for the King," grumbled one; but I can tell him a tale to prove that such prayers do not always slip with the smoothness of perfect familiarity even from the lips of some of his Majesty's most faithful servants. Only a few months ago it was decided to institute such prayers before work started in the hangars at a school for R.A.F. cadets. An officer with a record of long service was entrusted with the reading. His voice rang out nobly as he besought the Almighty to shower his blessing "on our most gracious King, Edward VII." There was an awkward pause, and then, very sternly, "As you were—on our most gracious King, George V."

Lady Rosemary's Engagement.

Though Viscount Ednam, M.C., has an equal claim, one goes on speaking of it as Lady Rosemary's engagement, the excuse being that she is so much the better known of the two. So far, he has enjoyed the communal obscurity of Eton and the Army; she has been everywhere and met everybody as the daughter of an amazing mother. Even in years she has the slight advantage. And what boy, unless he be an Anthony Asquith, has—or desires—in the earlier stages half the social chances of the modern girl? She is, with anything like a "pal" for a mother, "out" on the quiet long before she is supposed to be. One was aware, though unofficially, of Lady Rosemary even in the old Stafford House days; and heard of her approving, when the time came for a move, of "one of those cottagey houses in Grosvenor Square"—a saying that pleased and was much repeated by the cottagers. The estate agents themselves might try its virtues in these days of mansion-shyness.

Old Neighbours. But Lady Rosemary did better for herself than Grosvenor Square. She went to Dunkirk with her mother. She saw war, and learned of life and death, and

earned the right to be a true comrade to the wearer of a Military Cross. In the middle of her hospital work came an event which meant more to her than any other of her life—the remarriage of Milly, Duchess of Sutherland. Now her own engagement throws even that into its proper proportion. Undoubtedly her coming marriage to Lord Dudley's heir is one that promises to give scope to all the interests and

ambitions of a girl brought up in a great school. Lord Dudley holds large industrial interests in Staffordshire and Worcestershire, and is an ironmaster in a region adjoining those of which Duchess Millicent has made herself, by virtue of her work among the Potteries, the beloved mistress.

The Mummy Again.

Lord Ailesbury's books, which share the March honours with Lord Mostyn's amazing quartos at Sotheby's, mostly date back to the ancient days of collecting. They take one farther back even than that Countess of Ailesbury who ran a little dairy of her own in Horace Walpole's day, and had the good sense to realise in her own time, as we realise now who read his fascinating letters, that "Horry" was the right person to favour with new-laid eggs. But among the few modern books sent to Bond Street from Savernake I notice a series of the learned Dr. Budge's works on Lady Meux's Egyptian collection. Therein, probably, may be gleaned the history of the mummy with the curse, which has, if I am rightly informed, given a deal of trouble since it went to the British Museum. Indeed, one desperate Egyptologist is said to have

declared that this relic, being offended, brought the war on England. "What did you do in the Great War, mummy?"

A Safeguard.

Those two big forces—the epidemic and the mania—sometimes clash. What notable tussles take place, these days, with a maiden's breast for the field, between a temperature climbing over normal and the call of the dance! "Keep the engagement; fling the thermometer in among the gloves and laces," says one voice; "No—bed's the place for you," says the other, and wins nine times out of ten. But it's good to see some sort of a fight put up, and I like the arrangement by which the Gisborough-Godman dance, originally arranged for 45, Pont Street, was quietly transferred to the Knightsbridge Hotel—instead of being cancelled—when one of the hostesses fell ill. Youth will not be denied. Lady Gisborough carried on. Perhaps it would be as well for all dance hostesses to work in pairs until the 'flu abates, and with it the tragic possibility—not of sudden deaths so much as of sudden postponements. It is above all things desirable that the epidemic should be faced bravely,

if it cannot be ignored. The latter is the better, and safer way if one has the moral and physical courage necessary.



MARRIED TO A WEARER OF THE D.S.O.: MRS. A. W. TATE.

AN ENERGETIC WAR-WORKER: MISS LOLA ORSHANSKY.

Mrs. Tate, who has been an energetic war-worker, was recently married to Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Tate, D.S.O., of the Black Watch. She herself has run a hospital, as Commandant, during the war.—Miss Lola Orshansky, who is a god-child of the Right Hon. A. M. Carlisle, P.C., has been an assiduous worker throughout the war.

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot and Swaine.



WAR-WORKER AND TRAVELLER: MRS. CLAUDE WALLACE.

Mrs. Wallace, who during the war served in the Croix Rouge Française, is the wife of Major Claude Wallace, F.R.G.S., whom she accompanied on an expedition to Central Africa. Major Wallace was twice mentioned in despatches.

Photograph by Press Portrait Bureau.



ENGAGED: MISS V. WILSON.

Miss V. Wilson, who has been, during the war, a V.A.D. worker at the 2nd London General Hospital, is engaged to Captain H. Kennedy, of the 4th (King's Own) Regiment.

Photograph by Swaine.



THE COUNTESS OF ONSLOW.

Lady Onslow is the wife of Colonel the Earl of Onslow, who has now relinquished his commission, on demobilisation, and is a candidate for the Ripley Division County Council.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

ENGAGED: A GODCHILD OF THE KING.



TO MARRY A CANADIAN OFFICER: MISS JOY MARKHAM, DAUGHTER OF ADMIRAL MARKHAM.

Miss Joy Markham, whose engagement to Captain S. McCann, M.C., son of Mr. James S. R. McCann, of Ontario, has been announced, is the only child of Admiral Sir Albert Hastings Markham, K.C.B., who entered the Royal Navy in 1856, and retired in 1906, after a distinguished record

of service. He is a well-known author of books dealing with his personal experiences in the Navy, and other volumes, including a "Life of Sir Clements R. Markham," published in 1917. Miss Joy Markham is his only child, and is a god-child of King George.

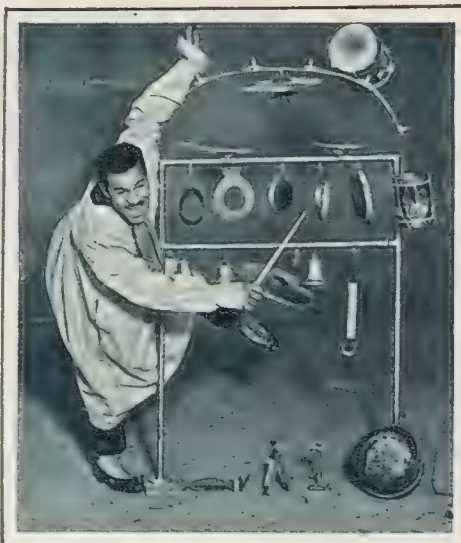
Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

THERE is emphatically *not* a war on just now. It seems that all that we can offer in that direction is the little trouble with a few Polar bears and Bolsheviks in the suburbs of Archangel, and a confused noise somewhere in the East End of Europe, where the loyal supporters of President Paderewski are requesting the audience, in the classical formula, not to shoot the pianist because he is doing his best. Perhaps one day he will play them "by Special Request" the Polish National Anthem, and then we shall all be able to go home and demob.; meanwhile, his brief but brilliant political career has come as a tremendous relief to large numbers of humorous writers for the Press, because it has enabled them to get off huge quantities of facetiae about Notes and the Concert of Europe which they had had about them for years. Otherwise, you may tell from our conversation that we have 'verted to the brutal paths of peace. We all talk about plays and dances, and the latest official *démenti* from Clarence House as to the precise shade of Princess Patricia's going-away dress. A considerate Home Office has provided us with two exquisitely pre-war crimes; and, if some hasty gentleman partitions his wife like a Balkan principality and leaves her about in small brown-paper parcels all over London, there will hardly be an inch of the newspaper into which the perspiring printer will be able to squeeze him—or her, poor dear! The hair of sub-editors and bright conversationalists is whitening visibly in face of this terrible *embarras* of inviting topics. And all because, as I said, there is emphatically *not* a war on just now. Perhaps they would find life a shade easier if there were.

The modern dance is, if you will listen to an old man, a horribly cold-blooded affair. Gone is the beaming *accueil* of one's hostess as she stood at the head of the staircase and welcomed her young friends; and perished the potted geraniums that stood in a splendid array, two on each stair, as one passed up between them to the

room was where one could escape from one's partners and bury one's head in a box of his C 3 cigars? Can he be that furtive and shambling figure that is lurking uneasily under the lee of the trap-drummer, and wondering how soon they will let him push the drawing-room sofa off his bed and get into it? The trouble about these dances of yours, my young friends, is that they are just dances. Now a dance should not be merely a place where they dance. It should be an Occasion. There should be Atmosphere about it. There might even be Introductions. You should tear your attention away from the Floor and provide a few seats. You should appreciate, as the last generation did before you, the advantage of a limited number of hiding-places. But no. You will inevitably sink all your capital in the strings and percussion of a jazz battery; and quiet people who just looked in for supper and a little company will be driven to spend their evenings in the music-hall and the public-house. It is a Bad Business.



THE "BRASSIEST" IN THE WORLD: THINK OF THE JAZZING THIS CAN DO!

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

The steady demoralisation of the public service by an interminable series of Armistice dinners is getting really serious. The Departments have given banquets to their chiefs, to themselves, to each other, and to the other people. These orgies, as one must now describe any class of entertainment to which it is desired to call attention, were all conducted on uniform lines. It was a rigid rule that He took the chair and replied to the health of the Department proposed by the Deputy-Him; He made it a point to be strikingly modest about His work, and to attribute the well-known success of the Department to the loyalty and co-operation of the Deputy-Him, whom

we all knew to have been trying to steal His job for years. Then the Deputy-Assistant-He proposed the Ladies, and was excruciatingly funny about typists, tea-making, and the institution of marriage: how we all laughed—even He himself! Now they are getting a trifle concerned, because they seem to be running out of excuses to dine. So



FOR THE DANCE AT PRINCE'S ON THE 25TH: INSTRUMENTALISTS—AND INSTRUMENTS—OF A JAZZ BAND.

Messrs. Vernon and Maurice claim that this Jazz Band is the brassiest band in the world—so now you know!—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

saluting-base. They seem nowadays to push the furniture into a bedroom, and acquiesce gloomily and under protest in the invasion of the house by a number of total strangers who happened to see the door open as they were going up the street. Where is one's host—that splendid person who used to tell one in confidence where the

affairs are being got up according to schools and offices: the dinner of the Old Borstal Boys in the India Office was extremely bright. The only remaining classification seems to be one based on personal appearance, and one is looking forward eagerly to an invitation to the banquet of red-haired men employed in the Ministry of Pensions.

RETURNED, FROM PANTO. TO THE PAV.



IN "AS YOU WERE," AS SHE WAS: MISS MONA VIVIAN.

For a while, Miss Mona Vivian had to leave the cast of "As You Were," at the London Pavilion, but not for long, in order to fulfil a pantomime engagement. Now, she has resumed her original rôle at the Pav., and continues to make a distinct hit. On Feb. 24 an added attraction

made the production even more popular than ever. This is the new Queen Elizabeth scene, in which Mr. Morris Harvey appears as Shakespeare to Mlle. Delysia's Queen Elizabeth. The "Pav." programme has never been more attractive than it is to-day.—[Photograph by Claude Harris.]

A SYLPH IN SILHOUETTE: PICTURESQU



THE SILHOUETTE MOBILISED FOR THE STAGE: Mlle. R

The silhouette in photography and illustration has had considerable vogue of late, but its possibilities for stage purposes have not hitherto been much tested. These photographs were given in New York. Mlle. Roshanara is not forgotten in London, though she has not

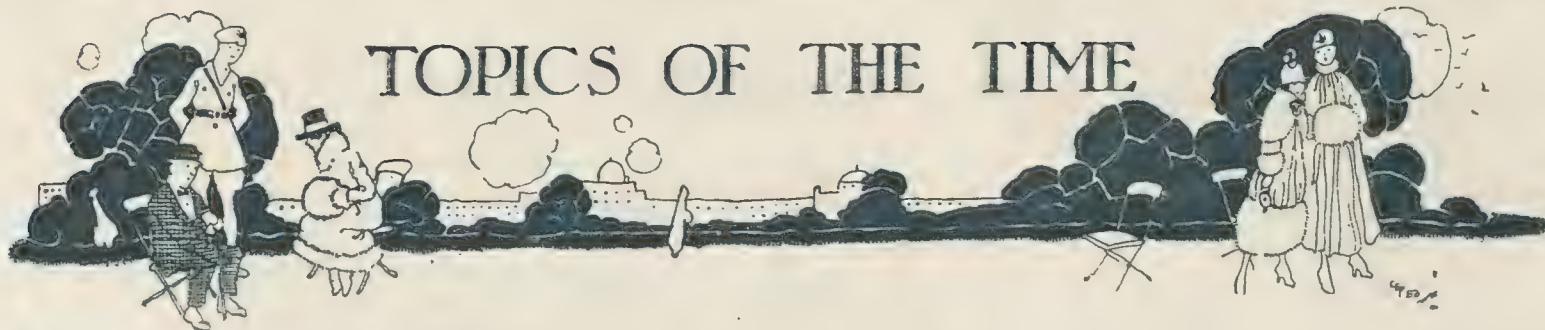
PICTURESQUE POSES BY A FAMOUS DANCER.



LE ROSHANARA, THE WELL-KNOWN INDIAN DANCER.

se photographs indicate what picturesque effects may be obtained by that means. They show the famous Indian dancer, Mlle. Roshanara, in a silhouette dance
ne has not been over here for some time.—[Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.]

TOPICS OF THE TIME



YOU and I are profoundly obliged to the postal and telegraphic services of the country for the new parlour game they have introduced into our households for the long winter afternoons. This little idea of bringing the excitement of gambling into the usually dull business of corresponding with one's friends, by sending off a letter and a telegram at the same time, and then backing the letter to arrive first at its destination, is the limit in godsend.

The best way to work the Government's bright little gamble is to live in the country and always have a new shift of week-end visitors to play it with you. If you operate too long with the same people they get to know that it's the *letter* that generally wins, and then the gamble becomes dull. The men to "take on" in this merry swizzle are the walrus-moustached superannuateds from the Civil Service, who are certain that a telegram is quicker than a letter, because you pay ninepence as a minimum for it.

My Daphne is a careful kid and leaves no circumstance to chance. She always will (and always did) make sure of matters in advance. And when to Town a wire she sends inviting pals to come and stay, she posts a letter to her friends to say a wire is on its way!

But once, by post-official freak (to help exception prove the rule), her letter took about a week, which rather made her look a fool. For "what on earth's the good," they wrote, "although your kindness we admire, of bothering to send a note by same delivery as wire?"

However, my official friends, you must not take the case above as hinting that it hurts or ends the bond between our mutual love! A gamble of a nature new is absolutely what we need, and all that I can say to you is "Thank you very much, indeed!"



THE MOTOR-SCOOTER FOR ELECTIONEERING: SIR REGINALD HALL WITH SIR ARCHIBALD SALVIDGE (RIGHT) AT LIVERPOOL.

Sir Reginald Hall is contesting the West Derby Division of Liverpool, vacated by Sir F. E. Smith (now Lord Birkenhead) when he became Lord Chancellor. Sir Reginald runs round the constituency on his motor-scooter. Sir A. Salvidge is Chairman of the Liverpool Working Men's Conservative Association.

Photograph by Angel, Liverpool.

Clothes themselves have their likes and dislikes as well as their wearers. Did you know that? Well, I didn't until I came across this statement in a fashion article: "Afternoon gowns and evening frocks evince a great liking for tunics and flounces, tucks and tiny frills, all of which tend to disturb the simplicity of the straight line, so far as silhouette is concerned."

So far as I am concerned, I don't quite take my informant's disclosures with regard to silhouette disturbances; but I feel it is

clear that she wants to make me believe that frocks and gowns are frightfully fond of tucks and frills and things. I am asking Daphne to consult her latest-from-Parises, on the subject. Some of their remarks ought to be fairly interesting—

"I hear you're fond of tucks and frills," said Daphne to her gown, which spread itself to grant the interview. "I wonder, now," asked Daphne, with her note-book sitting down, "if what the fashion writer says is true?" The gown kicked up its flounces (though invisible its leg), and feigning bored surprise at being caught, replied a bit disdainfully to Daphne from its peg, "I'm sure, I'd never given it a thought!"



THE REVIVAL OF ROWING AT OXFORD: TRIAL EIGHTS FOR THE TORPIDS—THE NEW COLLEGE CREW.—[Photograph by C.N.]

But when my pretty Daphne looked a little bit annoyed, and showed a disposition to retire, the gown at once affected to be simply overjoyed, and had the tea things set before the fire. And there it chatted freely of itself and of its tastes, and showed her all the "notices" that praised, and gushed at such a rate about the tucklets at its waist that little "Daph" was literally dazed!

When Daphne came to see me in my writing-den below, she fell from sheer exhaustion with a thud, and begged that I might never ask her any more to go and ascertain if gowns were flesh and blood! Recovering in course of time her balance and her breath, and dabbing here and there the powder-puff, she said: "That evening gown of mine has nearly been my death! The wretched thing is human right enough!"

There's a lot of chatter going about just now concerning the revival of village life. There are to be Morris dances on the village greens; a village band in the High Street, where the village policeman alertly stands with one eye on the "Spotted Dog," and both thumbs in his belt; and village presentations of Shakespeare! Oh, dear! (*Ad lib.*) But if village Violas, need we have Hamlet Hamlets?

"To be or not to be," my friends! The question rests with you! The scheme begins or else it ends just as you'd have it do! It absolutely all depends upon your point of view! There are no rogues in country towns, but "peasant slaves" there be, and some would make the finest clowns that ever you did see! For Yorick's skull and Hamlet's frowns, a village cemetery!

I shall not mind so very much if Hamlet's "not to be" the senior curate with a touch of adenoids; for he would make me cry with sobs and such: "Alas! poor you and me!"

A. B. M.

TO SING IN "AFGAR": A CHAMPION BOXER TRAINING.



GETTING FIT FOR HIS FIGHT WITH JOE BECKETT ON THE 27TH: "BOMBARDIER" WELLS, THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION, IN TRAINING AT BRIGHTON.

Billy Wells, the famous boxer, and heavy-weight champion of England, is to meet Joe Beckett, of Southampton, at the Holborn Stadium on Thursday, the 27th—his first civil fixture since his recent demobilisation. He served in France as instructor of physical training at a convalescent camp, where

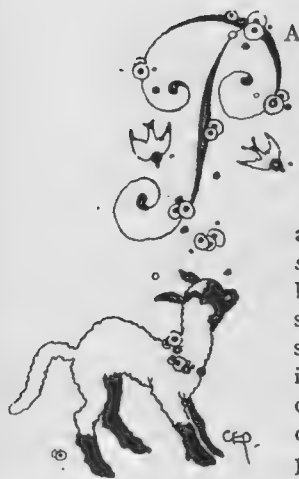
he was a great success and very popular, and was promoted to company-sergeant-major. He still prefers, however, to be known as Bombardier Wells. It was stated the other day that he had been engaged by Mr. C. B. Cochran for a singing part in a new musical play, called "Afgar."

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.



THE THREE ARTS AND COUNTLESS ARTISTS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phynette and London" and "Phynette Married.")



of the moonlight over slate roofs. In effect it is not unlike the helmet of our *poilus*.

Like all of us—probably more than the rest of us—Mlle. Dormeuil is very much interested in dress, and her wondrous costume at the great ball given so successfully by the Three Arts Club created a sensation. Her iridescent skirt and head-dress, designed by the artist Idare, were shaped as a bivalve. Mlle. Dormeuil modestly described her dress as "just an oyster," upon which a witty and gallant "you" promptly replied, "An oyster containing a pearl!" Rather neat, wasn't it?

An amusing coincidence happened in the case of two of the winners of the Costume Designing Competition for that wondrous ball. The judges were Sir John Lavery, Hassall, and Harold Speed, and the competition was open to all artists and students in the whole of London. The three winners, who were seen at the Albert Hall wearing their own clever compositions, were Hilda Cowham, Miss Phyllis Price, and Arthur Carr. The two last-named were both fellow-students at St. Martin's and at Lambeth. Later, they both happened to want at the same time the same studio in the Strand. They compromised by both taking it—Miss Price to have the use of it in the day, Mr. Carr to work in it in the evening. I can imagine their surprise and pleasure as they exchanged telegrams of success in the attic of Art.

A short story in the best magazine tradition could be written around "The Two Fellow-Students; or, The Luck of Lambeth." The similarity of their fate stops there, however, for their creations differ vastly. Arthur Carr's costume was based on a dazzle-painted ship, with white and black stripes at various angles, even his face coming into the scheme—that is to say, the black stripes ran through a wig and across his face. Oh, it certainly was original! The Three Arts Club is to be congratulated on the way the ball was planned and organised.

Comparisons being odious, I will only say that, personally, I do not think there ever was a bigger, brighter, beautifuller ball. All London was let loose in there—all London which amuses

itself! You met there people you hadn't seen for years; and then so vast and crowded was the hall that you missed your friends if you had not been careful to fix a rendezvous under some of the *gay devises* above each door.

There was an atmosphere of pleasant *laissez-aller*, a childish abandon which my "you" qualified as "jolly" and "topping." There you saw people (who had known better!) jump in the air to try and catch one of those elusive bright-coloured balloons with which the ceiling was gay—and their naïve joy when they did secure one which had not burst in their too eager grasp! People who were strangers to one another exchanged congratulations on their glad and gladdening rags. One picturesque figure who represented Australia was surrounded by admirers begging for one, "just one," gold quill out of the gorgeous



head-dress for keeps!—We were all children once more, which is surely the blessed state in which to find oneself—and others!

The first Slavo Dance, which took place at the Piccadilly Hotel—on the

roth, was a very successful affair; so much so, in fact, that a similar dance will take place every fortnight—the second (a fancy-dress dance) also at the Piccadilly, and the third at the Savoy.

Everyone regretted the absence of Miss Erica Beale, the charming organiser of the party. The receiving hostesses were the Countess of Carrick, Lady Muir Mackenzie (in a gorgeous ruby-velvet dress trimmed with fur), Lady Macready, Lady Horne, and Lady Moss. Mrs. Beaumont Thomas was wearing her beautiful pearls, and a shimmering dress of blue-and-silver tissue trimmed with old lace. I also saw there Miss Lilla Dunbar, charming in green, and not as severe-looking as a publicity specialist might be imagined to be. Lady William Williams wore blue; and Mrs. Hibberd Beale (in black) was indefatigable, assisted by such an excellent dancer and tactful steward as Mr. F. G. M. Wetherell.

A slice of some substantial play between two thin revues comes now and then (even in London) as a pleasurable change of diet. That is probably why King's Hall was so full on Sunday afternoon, the 9th, when the Pioneer Players gave us one of their always interesting productions. I particularly enjoyed "The Artist," which Mr. Miles Malleon adapted so admirably from Tchekov's short story.



"Fellow-students."

WORLD'S FLY-WEIGHT CHAMPION: THE WELSH WIZARD.



TO MEET JOE LYNCH: JIMMY WILDE.

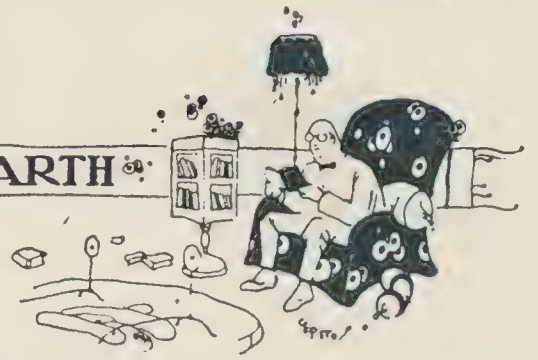
It was reported recently that, subject to his doctor's advice, Jimmy Wilde would meet Joe Lynch, the American bantam-weight, under the auspices of the National Sporting Club, either on March 17 or 31. Wilde was in hospital soon after he joined the Army, and he has not been in the best

of health since. It will be recalled that he had a great disappointment not long ago over the decision given against him in his match with "Pal" Moore at the Albert Hall, over which there was a good deal of controversy. The coming event is anticipated eagerly.—[Photographs by C.N.]



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



FIERCE literary students who know nothing about anything else like to elevate themselves by spreading a notion that literature is as difficult a science as mathematics, and that nobody can appreciate what is best in it unless he is learned in those scholastic, unessential details that look so impressive in foot-notes. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Poets and other imaginative authors do not write for students and specialists.

An elderly lady who was on the stage before she married into the Peerage assured me the other day that her favourite poet is John Donne, and her quiet enthusiasm and the bits she quoted satisfied me that she knew what she was talking about. "Literary persons are generally amused at me," she added. "They can't believe I can really make a pleasure of what they make a business."

One might as reasonably suggest that no man could win a war who had not had previous experience as an actual leader in battle; yet you learn from Captain Atteridge's "Marshal Foch" that the most successful of modern Generals "saw

picturesque, entertaining record of how, in face of difficulties, discomforts, and dangers, she made her way through little-known parts of China into Russia and Finland, arriving there shortly after the outbreak of the war. She is acutely observant, with a sense of humour, and has the gift of interesting you in whatever interested herself.

From time to time our novelists fall into a habit of going to the Devil for their titles. He has not been so much on the title-pages lately, and I don't quite see why Miss Westrup should name her new story "The Devil's Problem." Penelope Glynn, her heroine, is an irritatingly dreamy, self-absorbed little person. She is indifferent to George Walker, who cannot act on Mrs. Walker's hint that "no woman appreciates modesty in a man, except his mother"; and she is almost as indifferent to John Inglesferry, but John is a very different kind of man.

Troubled to find how useless she is for war work, Penelope helps her mother at a cottage hospital. John is a young officer-patient, wounded, and apparently disabled for life; and, when he will have nobody else to attend upon him and is soothed by her presence, Penelope grows keen to sacrifice herself in his service. He begs her to marry him, and she does so, foreseeing a lifelong vocation in nursing him. But after they are home at his glorious old place in the country he makes a complete recovery, and they still go on living as brother and sister, because he realises that she is not in love, and that he has wronged her by playing on her sympathy and making her his wife. The problem is, how is he to waken the woman in her and win her love? But it is not a Devil's problem, unless the arrival of a pretty and naughty cousin makes it that.

"Most people like reading horrors," as Mrs. Evans remarks in Miss Westrup's tale, and, if you are no better than I am, you will thoroughly enjoy "The Middle Temple Murder." It is too clever—if anything, too ingenious—to be probable; all the same, it gets such a grip on you that, once you are well started, you don't care whether it is probable or not. It is as fascinating as a Chinese puzzle, and you can't lay it down till you have unravelled the mystery.

BOOKS TO READ.

Marshal Foch. By Captain A. Hilliard Atteridge. Introduction by Colonel John Buchan. (Sheffington.)
The Romance of the Red Triangle. By Sir Arthur K. Yapp. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Odyssey of a Torpedoed Tramp. By Y. (Constable.)
A Broken Journey. By Mary Gaunt. Illustrated. (Werner Laurie.)
The Devil's Problem. By Margaret Westrup. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Middle Temple Murder. By J. S. Fletcher. (Ward, Lock.)
Biffin and his Circle. By Harry Graham. (Mills and Boon.)
Station X. By G. McLeod Winsor. (Herbert Jenkins.)



THE NEW MONTY OF "SOLDIER BOY": MR. FREDERIC BENTLEY, AT THE APOLLO.

Photograph by Vandamm.

active service for the first time at the age of sixty-three in the early days of the Great War." True, he had all along been learning the art of war, as an author learns the art of writing, but you need not be a soldier to read this admirable account of his life and of his theory of modern warfare with complete understanding and interest.

"It is significant," as Colonel Buchan remarks in his preface, "that the two most conspicuous personalities in the last stage of the war should both be professors—the American President and the Allied Commander-in-Chief"—for Foch was teaching others to fight before he had done any fighting himself. But, talking of who won the war, "The Romance of the Red Triangle" makes you wonder that Sir Arthur Yapp does not put in a claim for the Y.M.C.A. The soldiers found it, as an Australian said, "a friendly old octopus," stretching out arms to them wherever they went; and Will Crooks, after a visit to the front, declared they could no more do without it than they could do without munitions.

"The Odyssey of a Torpedoed Tramp" is another new sort of war romance, for the submarine was unknown in earlier wars. The story is told in a series of letters—a graphic, realistic narrative of everyday life and doings aboard the crazy old ship, with capital character-sketches of the captain and crew. There is an air of truth about it all, even about that charming idyll of the little French wife who received a telegram from her husband, "Going Malta ten days repairs come immediately," and crossed the world in defiance of everybody, and could persuade the gallant sailormen to break all regulations and help her on her journey.

Probably no woman living is a more intrepid traveller than Mrs. Mary Gaunt. She was born in Australia, but came to England several years ago bent on settling down to a literary career. But you can hardly say she settled down here, for she is continually going away in quest of adventure.

After writing some novels, she spent the profits on a pilgrimage into the wilds of West Africa. Later, she went exploring in China; now she has been out there again—each time going alone—and "A Broken Journey" is a



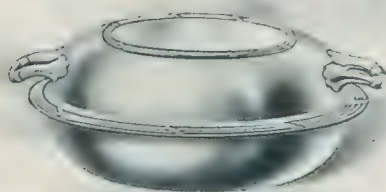
TO BE SEEN IN "FOOT-PRINTS IN THE SNOW": MR. WALTER TIMMS.

Mr. Timms, who is to be seen in a leading part in "Foot-prints in the Snow," a new Master Film production, served with the Queen's Westminsters, and was wounded twice and badly gassed.



THE ORIGINATOR OF THE "AMERICAN NIGHT" DANCES: MRS. LAWRENCE.

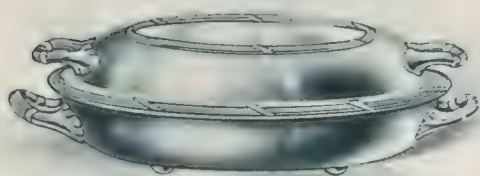
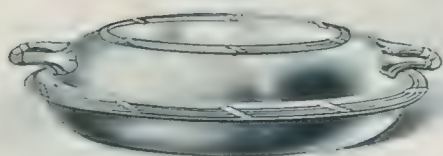
Mrs. Lawrence, who is an American lady who came to this country a while ago, thought it would be a good idea to bring United States officers in England into touch with English Society; hence the fact that she started the successful "American Night" dances, at Prince's. Eight have been given since last December—some of them Fancy Dress. The next is to be on March 13.



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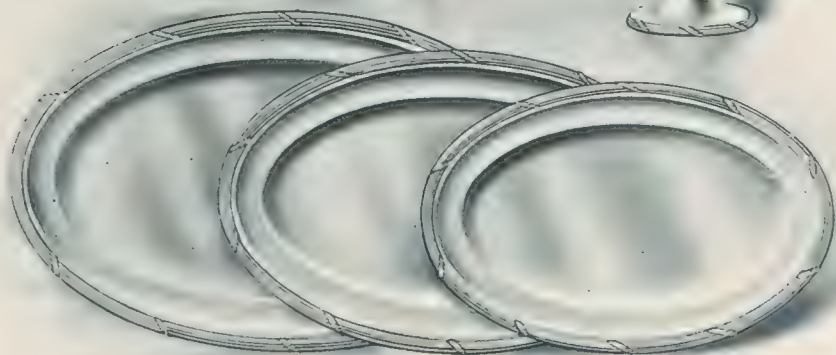


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PERSONALITIES AT THE AIR MINISTRY.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

AMONG all the re-shuffles of offices, officers, and officials under the new Cabinet, those at the Air Ministry seem to have attracted most attention, and certainly they appear to have given most satisfaction. It is a healthy sign that the public in general have been so interested in these appointments, for it indicates that people are beginning to realise the fact that Air Power is going to mean as much to this country in the future as Sea Power has meant in the past. Moreover, the splitting up of the Air Ministry into a Military and a Civilian side shows remarkable acumen on the part of the Minister who is responsible for the action. There are those who do not hesitate to give Mr. Winston Churchill full credit for this brain-wave, despite his unpopularity with certain sections of the Press and politicians. Anyhow, Mr. Churchill was the first Cabinet Minister to become thoroughly enthusiastic about flying, and he certainly has a wonderfully active brain; so circumstantial evidence points in his direction.

"Boom" is Back Again.

Naturally, the active-service people of the R.A.F. are pleased principally at the appointment of Major-General Sir Hugh Trenchard as Chief of the Air Staff. The day the appointment was announced they were all running about as pleased as the proverbial dog with two tails—one could positively see them wagging with joy. Ever since that lamentable day in 1918 when Sir Hugh left the Air Ministry—and when, incidentally, such a storm was raised about it in the House of Commons—the R.A.F., and particularly the strong R.F.C. element, has been consoling itself with the idea that he was

coming back some day. Now their fondest wish is fulfilled; and, to quote their own phrase, "'Boom' is back again; so it's all right"—"Boom" being the nickname bestowed on the Chief of the Air Staff in the early days of the R.F.C., and used now by all ranks of the R.A.F. as a mark of high esteem.

The Right Man as Civil Controller.

People think very highly also of the appointment of Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes to be Controller-General of Civil Aviation. His prophecies before the war as to the work of aircraft in war have been accurately fulfilled; so

his foresight is proved. And the great quality needed in the control of Civil Aviation is obviously foresight. Supremacy in this sphere of activity is as necessary to our future welfare as is the supremacy of the British Mercantile Marine. In several recent public speeches, Sir Frederick Sykes has made confession of his faith in civilian flying; and if his prophecies

are as well fulfilled as were his pre-war efforts, all will be well. He is a very able organiser, a capable diplomatist, and an experienced aviator; so he seems quite the right man to be Chief of the Aerial Civil Service.

What About Aerostation?

Incidentally, it is noteworthy that his title is Controller-General of Civil Aviation. Does this mean that he is not to control civilian airships? The word Aeronautics includes the navigation of aircraft of all kinds; but the word Aviation is properly applied to aeroplanes alone; the corresponding word for airships being Aerostation. At present all airships are the property of the Navy, and do not come under the Air Ministry either for design or construction. Can it be that the Admiralty intends to control Civil Aerostation, while the Air Ministry controls Civil Aviation; or is it merely owing to a philological inexactitude that General Sykes was not entitled Controller-General of Civil Aeronautics?

The Right Man for Production.

Brigadier-General Ellington, who has been appointed Controller-General of Production and Research, has one outstanding qualification for the post. He is not an "expert." He is a very experienced Staff Officer of the Old Army. He was one of the

first G.S.O.s to be appointed to General Henderson's staff on the formation of the R.F.C., and he has been engaged on air-staff work ever since. Consequently he is qualified to sit in calm and impartial judgment on all questions concerning the production of aircraft and research work, and he is not in the least likely to want to "butt in" with his own pet theories on technical matters. Contrary to popular opinion, it is a fact that the "expert" is always the worst head of a department. The "expert's" trouble is that he can never see the wood because of the trees.

The Deputy Chief of Staff.

Another highly satisfactory appointment is that of Brigadier-General R. M. Groves to be Deputy-Chief of the Air Staff. General Groves—who is a Captain, R.N.—has seen a lot of war service with the R.N.A.S., and is a most persistent pilot. He has an astonishingly quick grasp of new ideas, and unfailing energy in putting them into operation. Curiously enough, he is the only Naval officer who holds a high executive position in the new hierarchy. It is noticeable that there is not one sailor on the Air Council itself. Can this portend that at long last the Admiralty is going to create an Air Service of its very own?



DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION AND RESEARCH: MAJOR-GENERAL E. L. ELLINGTON, C.B., C.M.G.

Photograph by Bassano.



CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. M. TRENCHARD, K.C.B., D.S.O.

Photograph by Russell.



CONTROLLER-GENERAL OF CIVIL AVIATION: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR F. H. SYKES, K.C.B., C.M.G.

Photograph by Russell.

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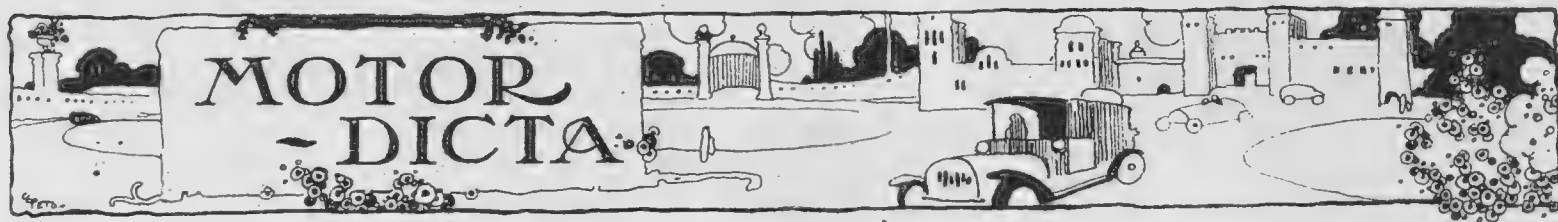
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AUTO-POLITICS: A BUDGET PETROL PERIL: SURPLUS ARMY CARS.

By GERALD BISS.

THERE is quite a buzz of activity all round in the political dovecotes of automobildom, both individually and in some cases collectively, in view of the imminence of the Geddes régime and the fuel situation, to say nothing of other equally grave matters which must be faced now or never. Mr. Joynson-Hicks is very busy inside the new House of Commons in a very practical fashion; and the Motor Legislation Committee is equally hard at work organising outside under Colonel Arthur Hacking D.S.O. M.C., late Sherwood Foresters, whose symbols of gallantry and be-medalled chest, added to the fact that he is in private life a certified limb of the law, should strike fear into the opposing ranks of obstructionists, and cause them wisely to withdraw in time from their insecure Hindenburg Line. Coupled with him is Mr. Alexander Thomson as official Lobbyist-in-Chief, who brings an expert knowledge of all the intricacies of the House and the tricks of the trade to bear upon the complex situation, as for the last two years of the recent Rump he was organiser of the Coalition Liberals.

Representation Without Bradburys.

Nevertheless, unity has not yet been achieved, as the "Heavies" have announced their weighty decision to stand aloof, on the ground that under the proposed constitution representation is venal, and may be purchased for the modest trifle of a thousand Bradburys per annum per representative. It struck me all along as the outstanding weak point of an otherwise admirable essay towards unity; and I am glad to see that the objection has been promptly countered by unconditional withdrawal, so that representation has now been thrown open to all recognised motoring organisations and associations regardless of financial support—a wise move which ought, under the present urgent circumstances, to clinch things.

Beware the Budgeteer, My Son.

Apart from the roads, the fuel question is crying aloud to heaven and the Government; and the futility of the Petrol Control Department is irking common-sense beyond endurance. What could be more feeble under present circumstances, or a greater confession of weakness on the part of the emasculated Berkeley Bureaucracy, clinging to the sixpenny super-tax and the shadow of its former arbitrary power, than advertisements in the papers from the A.A. announcing that, in order to expedite the issue of petrol licenses, it has been authorised by this tottering Department to receive

applications, etc.? Yet behind it all lurks the shadow of a ghastly suspicion—which is, I fear, not without good foundation—that, though Austen's post-war effort in Budgeteering will eliminate the necessity of licenses, it will hang on like grim death to the super-sixpence at the very hour of motoring's greatest need of encouragement and cheap fuel. So far is this anticipated in

practical motoring circles, unless it be sufficiently ventilated and agitated against, that the *Motor* is organising a big protest, which motorists in their tens of thousands should sign solidly to a man—yea, and to a woman too, in these days of their emancipation automobilical as well as political. If it be rebudgeted, it will be-

come a permanent imposition; and cheap fuel is the keynote of the democratisation of motoring—which should be a first principle in these days of democracy.

A Brass Hat Who Takes Advice.

For a pleasant contrast in the ranks of officialdom, General Sir "Tommy" Atkins is taking the broad view and showing himself amenable to sweet reason and sound advice in his new job of demobilising and selling off the surplus autos accumulated during the stress of war. He is actually taking civilian counsel upon a civilian subject—a revolution without parallel in brass-hatted policy which will surely get him eyed with the gravest suspicion by the palæolithic dead-heads in Whitehall—and has formed a little expert committee to

assist him, composed not of war failures or gallants from the West (London) front, but of practical past-masters in the motor world. Among them are Mr. "Alphabetical" Underdown, chairman of the British Manufacturers; Mr. Leslie Walton, chairman of the Motor Trade Association collectively and the Vauxhall Company individually; Mr. Julian Orde, secretary to the R.A.C. (presumably to watch the interests of the amateur purchaser); Mr. G. Hubert Woods, of

the Crossley Company, and one or two others, including a representative of the War Office to take care that its proprietorial position be not overlooked; and someone to represent directly the interests of the agents. Lieutenant-Colonel Holbrook will boss this particular branch of the proceedings, while Sir "Tommy" keeps a roving eye over the whole lot. For once it seems that the right thing is really being done in the right way; and a statue will have to be erected in Whitehall, in days to come, to this novelty—the Brass Hat who would take advice, seated in state at the wheel of a second-hand car.



IN PERSIA: A CONVOY OF LIGHT CARS HALTED FOR LUNCH—AN INTERESTING ITEM FROM THE EAST.



ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: A GERMAN TANK.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]



George Robey

TELLS

AFTER-DINNER STORIES



IN THE MARCH

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

GEORGE ROBEY'S anecdotes are famous. Everyone who wants to hear the "latest and best" seeks the entrée to his dressing-room.

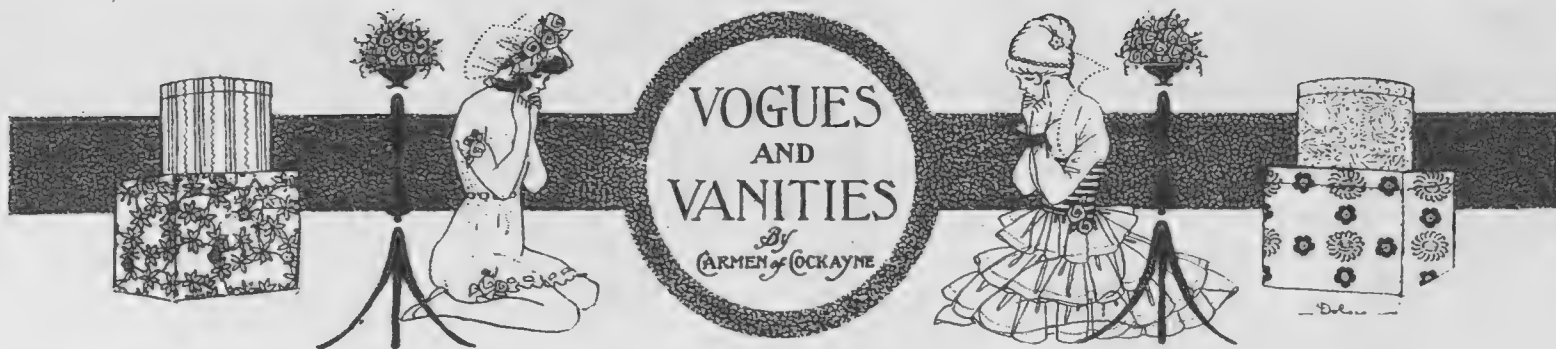
"PEARSON'S MAGAZINE" has persuaded Mr. Robey to commit the cream of his repertoire to paper, and the first instalment of "perfectly priceless" yarns appears in

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THE MAGAZINE THAT SETS THE PACE.



You Never Know. Though Mr. G. H. Roberts has been busy removing some of the coupon restrictions and generally setting about the job of de-rationing, fashion, so far as millinery is concerned, seems bent on pursuing the path of economy. Hats are of all sorts of shapes—most of them new, a few of them eccentric. None of them, however, err on the side of extravagance in trimming. Even those that sport the victory feather content themselves with the smallest specimen they can find. Still it is something to know that feathers are coming back to favour. They are, to begin with, becoming to almost every type of face, and always give a pleasantly "soft" effect.

Glycerined Glory. Apropos of feathers, it is difficult to find a reason for the new process of treatment known as "glycerining," whereby the fronds of an ostrich-feather hang limp and straight on either side the central stem. But reason, as every woman knows, has nothing to do with Fashion, who would lose at least half her charm if she ever consented to conduct herself in accordance with anything so prosaic as common-sense. In any case, the glycerined feather has an unusual appearance and a charm of its own; and those who don't care about it have plenty of other alternatives in the way of hat-decoration from which to make a choice, for the mode is nothing if not catholic in its tastes.



Fashion thinks of everyone, including the matron who wants to be smart.

to suggest an ostrich, perched on the upturned side of a black satin hat, is surely something novel in this direction. You can see the hat at the millinery salons of the Regent Street house of Peter Robinson—where, indeed, all the newcomers can be studied, and where Dolores found the originals of the sketches she has done for this page. To return to the ostrich already referred to, its main claim to notice—apart from the fact that you couldn't miss seeing it in any case—is that it is completely covered in glycerined feathers, those at the base of the neck falling down almost to the ears of the wearer. The soft effect of the mass of fronds helps to tone down what might otherwise be a hat too uncompromisingly severe for any but the most beautiful wearer.

Sheer Simplicity. Though now and again one comes across elaborate confections, or confections that look elaborate by comparison with other and plainer models, there is no doubt that, during the spring months at least, elegance will only be arrived at via sheer simplicity. Hats aim at making an impression not so much by size or trimming, as by sheer force of colour and unusual form. Brims at the back have ceased to exist. The curious little jockey-cap toques of yesteryear

have been replaced by what is, perhaps, best described as the jockey-cap hat—an elongated affair of quite reasonable dimensions, the peaked brim in front of which seems to have absorbed that part of it which the back lacks. It is not every woman who can wear a

hat that rises straight from her hair at the back, but most women will make the attempt when they find themselves face to face with one of blue-and-gold brocade, lined with blue satin, and trimmed with a curious little spray of mingled flowers and fruit sewn down perfectly flat at one side of the brim.



Decoration on hats is still rationed. This one, of aquamarine and gold brocade, has only two small flowers for trimming.

Like Nothing Earthly.

Mention of fruit is a reminder of the unusual forms of decoration that appear on the hats.

Currants and raisins, cherries, and apples of a kind which even Eve might have been forgiven for eating, help to give a distinctly individual look to millinery of the moment. Very little regard is paid to nature either in the matter of form or colour, but the effect is good; and effect, after all, is the most important thing in these matters. But it is not everyone whose taste inclines to the fruitarian in trimmings.

Nobody,

though,

need carry

about ap-

ples or cherries,

or dates

or currants,

against their

will. Flowers

as well as

wings are

equally

"correct"

wear, and ribbon

is once more play-

ing an important

rôle in hat-de-

coration, as the

matron's toque on

this page helps to

show. A black

satin hat, sharply

turned up at one

side—as so many

hats are these

days—has a twist

of apple-green

picot-edged ribbon

round the

crown, as well as

a bunch of shaded

blue

roses in front,

by way of ornament;

and spring flowers

of all kinds rise

in velvety profusion

and unusual variety

from the brims and

crowns of other models.

An Alternative.

Flowers and fruit, however, are not the only wear. Wings of all shapes and sizes, as well as stiff quills, are all pressed into the service of the modiste. These latter are chiefly used with hats especially designed for wear with the tailor-mades that are to be worn so much this spring. One very bright-coloured specimen is generally accounted enough; but its presence does not necessarily mean that any other trimming is barred. For instance, the fact that a small taupe-coloured georgette hat, lined with brown satin, has one side of the crown pierced by a bright blue jay quill has not prevented whoever was responsible for its existence spending time and trouble on the work of plastering the upper part of the brim with a camouflage device of scarlet and green and orange and bright-blue braid. They are hardly visible at a distance, but close at hand give a welcome touch of colour.



Tricornes and tailor-mades were designed for each other. A ribbon cockade is quite capable of doing duty as trimming.



Nothing can beat the smartness of black velvet, especially when it is trimmed with osprey.

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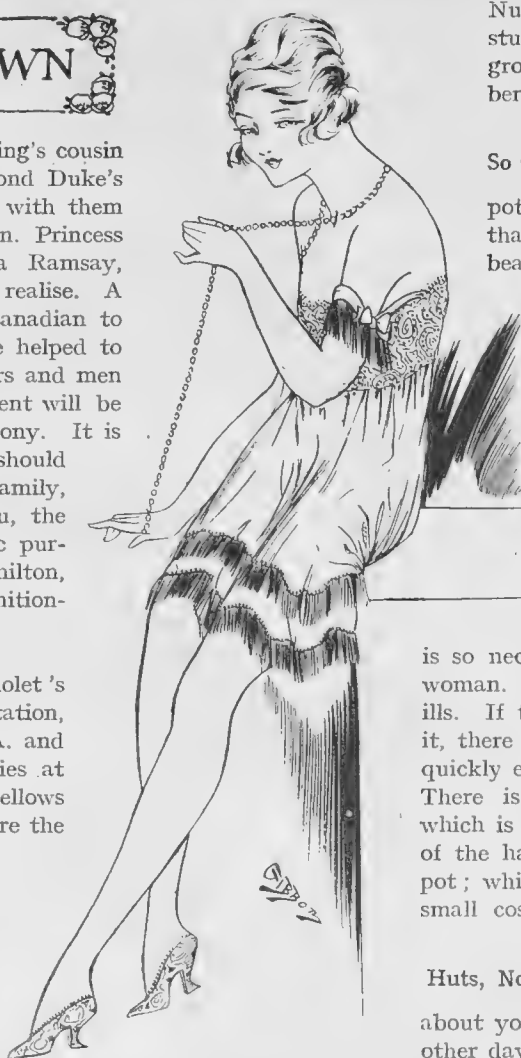
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A Wedding Week. This is a week of weddings: our King's cousin will be a bride; and Ireland's second Duke's daughter, another. Good luck and great happiness be with them both, for they are good and true daughters of Great Britain. Princess Patricia, who will to-morrow become Lady Patricia Ramsay, played a bigger part in winning the Armistice than we realise. A most real enthusiasm for her induced many a loyal Canadian to enter her C.L.I. Regiment, the "Colour" of which she helped to design and embroider, and personally presented. Officers and men who enlisted at the very inception of this glorious regiment will be in the guard of honour mounted for to-morrow's ceremony. It is very much to the Canadian mind that the Princess should marry a gallant sailor, member of a noble Scottish family, and the man of her choice. In ordering her trousseau, the bride remembered many an institution for philanthropic purpose in which she has been interested. Lady Cynthia Hamilton, who to-day becomes Viscountess Althorp, was a munition-worker, and a right good one, too!

The Modest Violet. "Oh, to be in England when the violet's there"—this is a wilful misquotation, and the violet referred to is always here. The Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown see to that. When their violet nurseries at Henfield, Sussex, are in full bloom these enterprising Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society set themselves to store the charm of its scent. The success with which they do so is assured by the large number of women who are their regular clients for their most delicious and delicate and lasting English Violet Perfume; also for the toilet-water, cream, hair-wash, bath-crystals, powder, soap, foam, sachets, etc., which follow it *en suite*. Men love the scent, too, and have it sent to them at home and abroad, appreciating highly the English violet shaving-sticks. A booklet will be sent post free, setting forth these most desirable preparations and their price, on application to the Misses Allen-Brown, at Henfield



Dainty 'underwear in lemon-yellow crêpe-de-Chine, lace, and silk lemon-yellow fringe.

Nurseries, Sussex. They also receive students in violet-culture, carnation-growing, and forcing of early strawberries, tomatoes, etc.

So Great Attraction. Beautiful hands have proved more potent in the world's affairs at times than beautiful faces. What keeps one beautiful does a like kindness by the other, which is satisfactory. Neither will keep beautiful by themselves: attention, and the best available preparations are necessary conditions. Dubarry's Crème Shalimar, used regularly, will keep the hands soft and white and beautiful to look at. A woman can enjoy her own hand-beauty continually; her face-beauty only by reflection. Consequently lovely hands give her that moral support which

is so necessary to the equipped-at-all-points woman. Crème Shalimar prevents climatic ills. If these come through neglecting to use it, there are Dubarry preparations which will quickly effect cure and set all right again. There is also Glinta nail-polishing paste, which is necessary to preserve the full beauty of the hand, and which costs only 1s. 9d. the pot; while Crème Shalimar is but 1s. 3d.—small cost indeed for so great attraction.

Huts, Not Houses. "You don't happen to have a house or two about you?" is a question I was asked the other day by an eager pair of house-hunters. I did not; but what I wanted to have was a cheque for a Church Army Hut in my pocket. I had been hearing of the splendid work

(Continued overleaf.)

With Daddy as her Partner—and the "Decca"

to provide the music, the little dancer's joy is complete. She revels in it, and—truth to tell—so does he. Proudly she shows him the progress she has made at the dancing class; and confidently suggests being allowed to "stay up for the big dance to-night."

These impromptu dances illustrate anew the usefulness of the "Decca." It is always ready to provide the appropriate music. It can be carried with ease—indeed, as easily as a handbag—from one room to another, and from one house to another. And taking so little space, it is never in the way.

THE DECCA
THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

Not for the impromptu dance only, but for the arranged one also, the "Decca" is eminently satisfactory. It is loud enough to be effective in very large rooms, while its tone is rich and natural. The reproduction is marvellously clear. Its musical quality delights everyone.

And when Summer comes, how jolly to be able to take the "Decca" away with you—up the River, on the Broads, at the Seaside!

In Leather Cloth,	Compressed Fibre,	Solid Cowhide,
£7 15 0	£8 15 0	£12 12 0

Of Harrods, Army and Navy Stores, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Gamage's, and all leading Stores and Music Dealers. ILLUSTRATED FOLDER, and name of nearest Agent, free on application to the Manufacturers—

THE DULCEPHONE Co., 32, Worship St., London, E.C. 2

(Proprietors: BARNETT SAMUEL & SONS, Ltd.)





Harrods Girls'-Wear

For those qualities most needed in Juvenile Attire—sound material, sound workmanship, sound wear—parents cannot do better than look to Harrods.

They may look with equal confidence for that correctness of design, excellence of cut and distinction of style which conduce so highly to the self-respect of little wearers.

DULCIE

A CHARMING FROCK in embroidered Voile, for girls from 14 to 17 years. In Navy with White Embroidery, White with Red and Green, or White with Blue Embroidery. Sizes, 39, 42, 45, 46, and 48 inches.

6½ Gns.

JOIN HARRODS CIRCULATING LIBRARY

A regular supply of Newest Books from 9/3 a quarter. Full particulars sent free on request.

HARRODS LTD Woodman Burridge Managing Director LONDON SW1

Smart Spring BLOUSES

Adapted from exclusive Paris models by our own workers.

HAND-MADE BLOUSE, in extra heavy quality georgette, trimmed with good ecru lace of Mechlin design, entirely hand-made, and embroidered round lace with fine hand embroidery in silk.

In white, sky, pink, mauve and yellow.

PRICE **58/6**

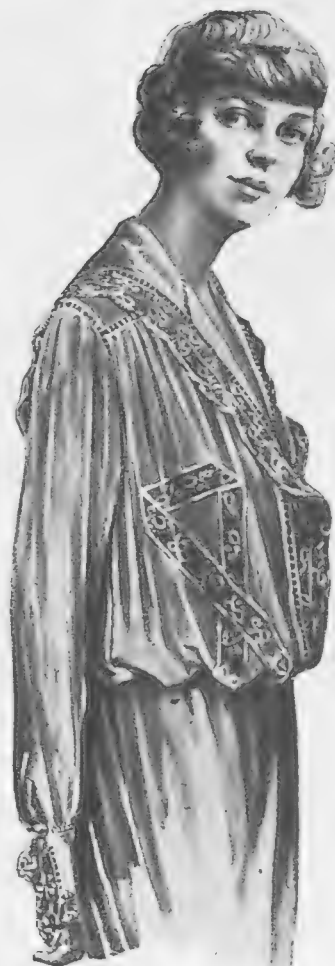
LADIES' WHITE PIQUE GLACE GLOVES.



Elastic wrist, with side gusset. Finest quality, perfect fitting. Price 12/6 per pair.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London. W. 1



VENN'S UNDIES

No. 225. Dainty, good crepe chemise and knicker, hand-made, and veined, with lovely real Irish Lace Medallions, as sketch. In any shade or black.

£4.14.6



Have you sent for our Newest Catalogue? If not, do so, as it will not fail to interest you.

VENN'S Ltd.,
14-15, CONDUIT STREET,
LONDON, W. 1.
Phone: - - - Mayfair 1407.

STEINMANN'S

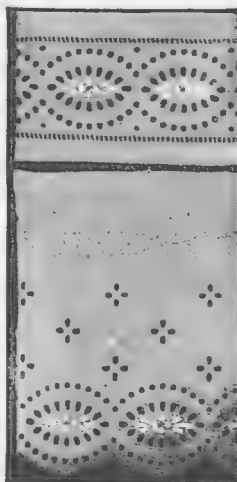
London's Famous House for Laces, Embroideries, Lingerie, and Baby Clothes. Founded 1865.

Illustrated Price List, on request, of Specialities.

The House for
Best Quality
Goods at
Lowest Prices.

PRETTYLY
TRIMMED
FOLDING
COTS AND
BASKETS.

Patterns
and
Prices
on
application.



FOR LADIES MAKING UP AT HOME

Underclothing and Baby Garments, we send a most unique and interesting

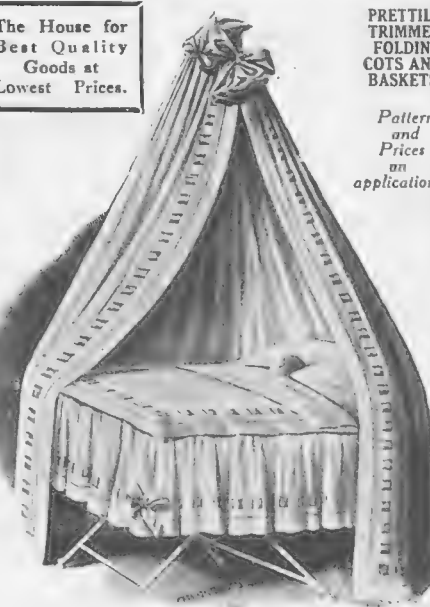
BOOK OF PATTERNS, Finest Embroideries, Laces, and Materials, which will be found useful and instructive.

It is advisable and economical to use only the best materials, and trimmings.

Specialities:

Real Valenciennes, Flemish, Filet, Belgian, Irish, Honiton, and Antique Laces, Collars, Scarves, Fichus, Handkerchiefs, Linens, Lawns, and Fine Infant's Robe Flouncings.

Laces Cleaned and Mended, Bought and Valued.



DAINTY BABY CLOTHES.

A charming variety of everything needful for Baby. Robes, Gowns, Cloaks, Pelisses, Children's Frocks, Smocks, Tunics, Coats, Finest Hand-made Lingerie, etc.

Price List sent.

We supply Ladies' Underwear and Baby Garments ready made or to order, or supply all the materials to make them at home. See our Unique Pattern Book of Embroideries, Laces, and Materials sent on application.

P. STEINMANN & CO. 185-186 Piccadilly London W



CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, Rear-Admiral U.S. Navy, writes:
After a thorough trial of SANATOGEN, I am convinced of its merits as a food and tonic. Its beneficial effects are beyond doubt.
Charles D. Sigsbee

YOU SHOULD TRY

SANATOGEN

—especially after Influenza

READ the above statement by Rear-Admiral Sigsbee: then give Sanatogen a thorough trial. Like him, you will be convinced beyond doubt of Sanatogen's merits as a food and tonic—merits which make it the ideal restorative against the after-effects of Influenza.

"I was advised to take Sanatogen when feeling run-down after Influenza," writes Mr. Ben Davies, the famous singer. "The effect was simply wonderful; my strength and energy soon returned, and I now feel as fit as ever." Make a mental note to ask your chemist for a 5/9 tin of Sanatogen; he may be sold out, but will get it for you as quickly as possible.

GENATOSAN, LTD. (British Purchasers of Sanatogen Co.)
12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1
(Chairman: The Viscountess Rhonda)

Note: Sanatogen will later on be re-named Genatosan — genuine Sanatogen — to distinguish it from inferior substitutes.



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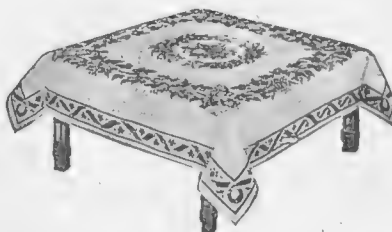
A Smart Suit for all occasions
in navy gabardine edged with
Silk braid.

Price 10²/₃ Gns.

Mercie McHardy

3 PRINCES STREET,
OXFORD CIRCUS,
LONDON, W.1.

Robinson & Cleaver's Irish Linen Tablecloths



The Edict of Nantes

WHEN the above Act was repealed in 1685, great persecution followed, causing some 600,000 people to be driven from France. Before this, France had been celebrated for delicate linen, but from this time the persecuted refugees who were the skilled workpeople, settled down chiefly in Ireland and carried on the manufacture of Irish House Linen.

Owing to the present market fluctuations we are unable to quote prices, but the market value will be given our customers at the time of placing the order. Write for sample & list, post free.

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd., 38 N, Donegall Place, BELFAST.



THE "CHILDREN'S SHOP"

is Liberty Hall for the youngsters — where dainty little maids and gallant little men call and call again. There is no "shop-shyness" about our young clients; they are "understood," and in their own way they are aware of it.

ROWE & Co. 106 New Bond St. London, W.1

ROWE

GOOCH'S VOGUE & VALUE

VOGUE and Value are notable characteristics of the new Gooch attire.

All models are distinguished by those touches of grace and finish for which our specialists are now so widely recognised, and the prices will bear any comparison.



"LINTON." Smart Sports Coat in best quality heavy artificial silk. Loose fitting and in good shades of Saxe, Rose, Sky, White and Cherry.

77/6

Also with roll collar.

Heavy ribbed artificial silk Scarf fringed white, saxe, rose, white, grey, good shades. Black, champagne, brown, amethyst, pink, light saxe, dark saxe, and peach.

21/9



"TRINTON." Useful Sports Coat in fine silk and wool mixture. Good range of colourings to tone with tweeds. Navy, purple, helio & green, etc.

34/6

Inspection is welcomed.

Gooch's Ltd

BROMPTON ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.3.

New Telephone - Kens. 5100.

Walpole

89
90 NEW BOND ST W1

INCOMPARABLE VALUE

TAILORED SHIRT

in the "Walpole" quality of Shanghai Silk (Ivory only) that will wash without impoverishment and retain its pristine freshness until worn out.

The model is particularly smart, being perfect in finish and most comfortable in wear. It is completed with square-cut flap pocket and pearl buttons, and has the Walpole touch of distinctiveness in every line.

Its value is far beyond the ordinary.

PRICE **25/9**

Sizes 42, 44, 46, and 48.

Colour: Ivory only.

One Blouse only, as illustrated, can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of a garment the amount forwarded will be refunded.

MATRON'S TEAGOWN

Adapted from an exclusive Paris model, made by our own skilled workers.

MATRON'S TEAGOWN, in rich extra heavy Crêpe-de-Chine, with semi-fitting waist and three-quarter panels, edged Chinese embroidery in blue shades or Oriental tints, finished black fringe. In black.

PRICE **8½ Gns.**

LADIES' WHITE PIQUE
KID GLOVES



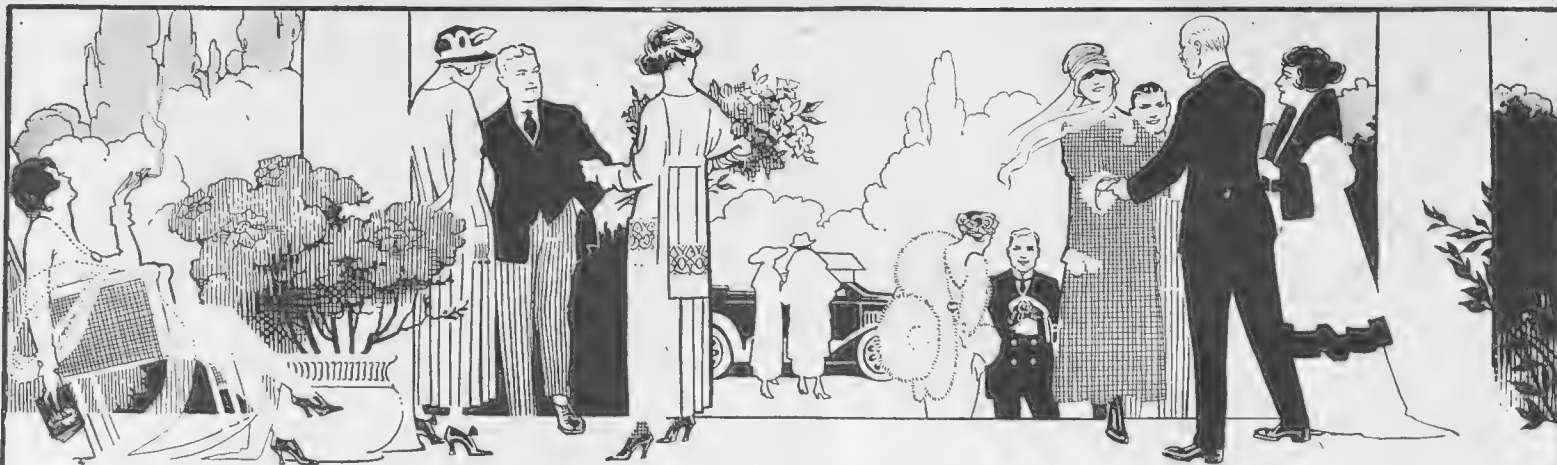
with 2 large pearl buttons, sewn black or self points, perfect fitting. Will clean well.

Price 9/11 per pair.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street,
(Covendish Square) London, W.1





Quality Folk—people who like the best of everything—invariably choose “Meltonian” and “Lutetian” for their black and brown footwear—because they are the quality polishes.

Lutetian Cream gives to brown boots and shoes the perfect finish and rich gloss—that is the last word in smartness. In four shades, Light, Dark, Extra Dark, and Toney Red.

Lutetian more than did “its bit” in France and Flanders. It kept boots and equipment soft, supple and shining—it was the batman’s treasure and the officer’s joy.

Meltonian Cream for Black Lutetian Cream for Brown

Meltonian Cream is unequalled for all black leather, box calf, glace, and kid. Adds the finishing touch to smart shoes, and prevents those ugly cracks from forming.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining either Meltonian or Lutetian Cream write for nearest retailer’s address to E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., 7, Garrick Street, London, W.C.



By the way, ask your Grocer for Meltonian Furniture Reviver—the super-polish for all woodwork.



KNITTED COATS

PRACTICAL, useful and becoming. Suitable for all manner of occasions.

PURE CASHMERE JUMPER (as sketch), a very attractive and becoming style, made exclusively for Marshall and Snelgrove, in a wide range of cashmere shades, striped with contrasting colours of artificial silk.

Price 5 Gns.

BLACK SILK STOCKINGS.

We have received a large consignment of the famous American Garter Top Silk Stockings with lisle feet and top.
2x quality in Black and White, 9/11 per pair.
5x quality in Black only, 11/6 „

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

NOTE.—This Establishment is open on Saturdays.

110

Lotus

THOSE women who are wanting new pairs of their favourite shoe, glacé kid Delta No. 140, should try this box hide shoe No. 540x, price 22/6.

They should try 540x because 140 is, on account of the scarcity of glacé kid leather, in such short supply that hardly a pair is now left in the shops that sell Lotus and Delta.

They will find 540x every bit as comfortable as 140,

that they can wear exactly the same size in the one shoe as the other, and that 540x is extraordinary value.

They will find, too, that 540x is in good supply and that shops will, should occasion arise, be only too pleased to send straightaway to the factory for out-of-stock sizes.

Lotus Ltd, Stafford
Makers of Lotus and Delta Shoes
City Telephone
London Wall
6989



Harrods Delightful Lingerie

That distinction of design and delicate workmanship are highly appreciated factors in the newest Lingerie is evident from the popularity of Harrods present wonderful display in the Ladies' Outfitting Department.

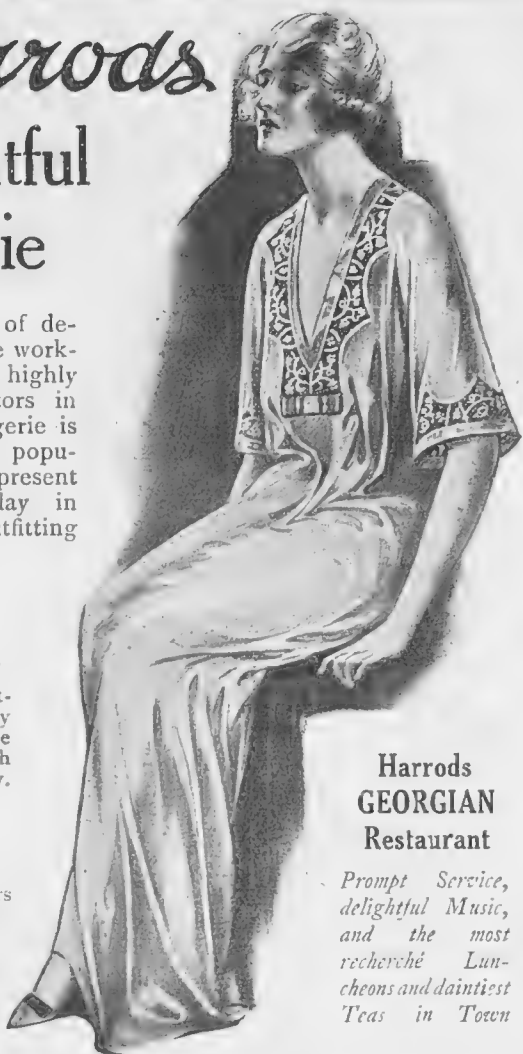
L.O. ESTELLE.

Japanese Silk Night-dress, charmingly trimmed with fine lace and finished with a dainty ribbon bow.

25/9

Chemise & Knickers to match, each

14/9



Harrods
GEORGIAN
Restaurant

Prompt Service,
delightful Music,
and the most
recherché Lun-
cheons and daintiest
Teas in Town

HARRODS LTD Woodman Eurbidge
Managing Director LONDON SW 1

The Fashion for STOCKINETTE

At the present time stockinette is particularly fashionable, and we have now in stock a variety of garments made in this attractive material.

WOOLLEN STOCKINETTE DRESS, as sketch, trimmed with fancy braid and cable stitching, in bright contrasting shades. Exclusive model made specially for Debenham & Freebody.

PRICE

10½ Gns.

HEATHER MIXTURE WOOLLEN
HOSE,

with fancy check designs in various contrasting shades.

Price 8/11 per pair.

**Debenham
& Freebody**

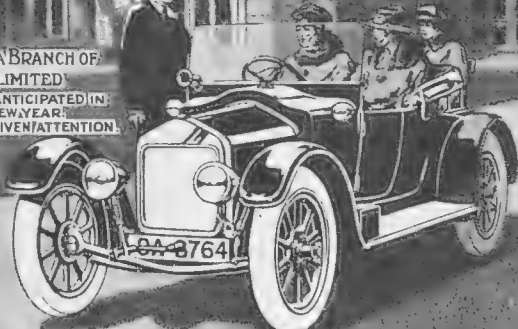
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London. W. 1

Famous for over a Century
for Taste, for Quality, for Value.



Stellite Cars

BUILT BY A BRANCH OF
VICKERS LIMITED
DELIVERIES ANTICIPATED IN
THE NEW YEAR
ENQUIRIES GIVEN ATTENTION



THE ELECTRIC & ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES CO. LTD.
WARD END WORKS BIRMINGHAM
LONDON AGENTS
WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD. YORK ST. WESTMINSTER, S.W.1



DIADEM Face Powder

The first time you use Diadem, you will appreciate its marked superiority. Readily adhering to the skin, it protects the complexion from the elements and imparts to it a delicate peach-like bloom. Diadem Powder possesses distinct properties peculiar to itself. In its composition are included certain ingredients known for their definite skin-food value. It is absolutely pure, harmless, and a genuine aid to all who would preserve the beauty of their complexion. Delightfully perfumed, and obtainable in Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Rose, and Brunette (Sunburn) tints. In large artistic boxes. Price ... 2/6

DIADEM WAX-For the Complexion

Displaces the ordinary greasy toilet cream—its superiority being proved. Unquestionably pure and harmless, it is highly beneficial to the complexion, feeding and nourishing the tissues. Imparts to the skin that soft, silky texture which is so delightful to the touch. One trial will convince you. Price per large jar ... 2/6

DIADEM Crème Rouge Greatly superior to dry rouge and contains no harmful ingredients. Enables one to obtain just the effect desired. One application suffices for a whole day or an entire evening. Easily removed when desired. Price per jar ... 2/6

DECOLTENE With décolleté fashions again in vogue Decoltene becomes an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. The liquid hair remover Painless, removes all unwanted hair, leaving no trace. The hairless upper lip and the clean under-arm are thus available without the need for electrical treatment. Instantaneous in its results—can therefore be applied whilst dressing for dinner. Price ... 3/9

Obtainable of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Stores, or a first supply will be forwarded direct on receipt of remittance.

Write for the "Dinkie" book Post free from—

Robartes, Ltd.

(London & Paris).
(Dept. 4) 128, JERMYN ST.
LONDON, S.W.1

ATTRACTIVE HATS



ADAPTED from the latest Paris models and made in our own workrooms by highly skilled workers.

USEFUL AND MOST BECOMING CAP in gathered ribbon. In black and many good colours. Quite soft without shape.

Price $3\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.

BLACK SILK STOCKINGS.

We have received a large consignment of the famous American Garter Top Silk Stockings with lisle feet and top.

2x quality in Black and White. 9/11 per pair.
5x quality in Black only, 11/6 ..

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

NOTE.—This Establishment is open on Saturdays.

True Recipe for BALDNESS

"I now feel convinced that only very few men, under 60 years, need remain bald." So says Signor Lavreitzki, a well-known Italian Scientific Chemist, who has discovered that *Glycophate* in its concentrated form possesses remarkable hair-growing power, and even in 21 days can produce new hair on bald patches that may have been denuded of hair for several years. The revived growth, it appears, is natural and gradual, whilst the hair is youthful in colour and strong in texture. Professor Lavreitzki's preparation will in most cases



produce its marvellous hair-producing properties in less than a dozen applications. Every man who would like to correct the ugliness of baldness is strongly advised to give *Concentrated Glycophate* a fair trial. It may truly be called a scientific cure for baldness and is the most reliable method of getting rid of that appearance of "premature age" so often associated with the lack of hair.

Sold in sealed packages, one large size only, 5/6 post free by the Sole Agents in Great Britain, Messrs. CHAPMAN, Ltd. (Suite A 36), British and Foreign Toilet Depot, 8, Mortimer Street, London, W.1. Also through Boots Branches, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, etc.

N.B.—The reader is cautioned against imitations of the genuine Lavreitzki hair-growing formula.

WE MADE YOUR UNIFORM. LET US MAKE YOUR MUFTI!

Your particular cutter is at your service—and he is equally skilful with Mufti.

Quality, style, fit, finish, and moderate price—these are five points which distinguish our clothes.

If you are in a hurry, we have your size "Tailoready."



OXFORD
CIRCUS, W.1

(Almost adjoining
Tube Station.)

Samuel Brothers
UNIVERSAL OUTFITTERS, LTD

And at
18, SANDGATE RD.
FOLKESTONE

LUDGATE
HILL, E.C.4

(Near St. Paul's.)

LADIES

Your last year's

PANAMA, LEGHORN,

or other straw hat can be renovated or re-shaped to the coming Spring or Summer Fashion

at a cost of **3/- to 4/6**

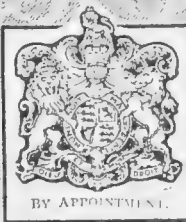
Send your hat to us with your name and address securely sewn to the inside of the crown and we will post you an illustrated list of shapes to choose from; or if you prefer, send for Catalogue first.

SEND YOUR HAT AT ONCE BEFORE THE SPRING RUSH COMES ALONG.

We have received thousands of letters from delighted customers.

The DUNSTABLE HAT RENOVATING Co.

Church St., DUNSTABLE, Beds.



An Economical Sauce

Owing to the QUALITY and concentration of its ingredients, a little LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE goes a long way, and it is therefore most ECONOMICAL in use.

Lea & Perrins



VANITY FAIR.

The mingled perfumes of many choice and lovely flowers exquisitely harmonised into one enchanting fragrance.

A perfume of irresistible charm, one of the most beautiful of the famous

Yardley PERFUMES

VANITY FAIR PERFUME - - - 6/3, 9/-, 17/6, 35/-
FACE POWDER, 2/6, 4/6 - - - VANISHING CREAM, 2/6

Of all high-class Chemists and Perfumers, and from
YARDLEY & CO., Ltd., 8, New Bond Street, London, W.1.
Perfumery and Fine Soap Makers since 1770.

The Burberry Weatherproof under all conditions

*Proof without Heat
Warm without weight.*

THE severest and most comprehensive tests to which an overcoat could be submitted have for 30 years been systematically applied to The Burberry, both in the comparative moderation of European climates and in the more searching ordeals of the wildest and most inhospitable regions of the earth.

Indispensable to the proper equipment and comfort of everyone who leads an out-door life, The Burberry is universally recognised as the one available safeguard that, without sacrifice of natural ventilation, successfully withstands all weather emergencies, and maintains good health under the most trying circumstances.

Military or Mufti Catalogue
sent post-free on request

BURBERRYS' CLEANING WORKS
Topcoats and Suits cleaned by Burberrys;
weatherproof garments re-proofed. Prices
on request.



The Burberry
Weatherproof, for town or country.

BURBERRYS Haymarket SW1 LONDON
8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes Paris; Basingstoke and Provincial Agents

ATTRACTIVE HAT,
in black smocked Silk
Taffeta, trimmed mount
of black and white osprey
at side of brim.

**DEBENHAM
& FREEBODY**
(DEBENHAMS Ltd.)
Wigmore Street, Cavendish
Square, London, W.1

Just Right

To be able to brush
the hair in just the way
desired is the aim of
every man.

So often a certain part of
the hair will always be-
come untidy, however
much trouble is taken,
but this will not happen if



Sold by
Chemists,
Hairdressers,
Stores, etc.

ANZORA

Price
1/6 and 2/6
(double quantity)
per bottle.

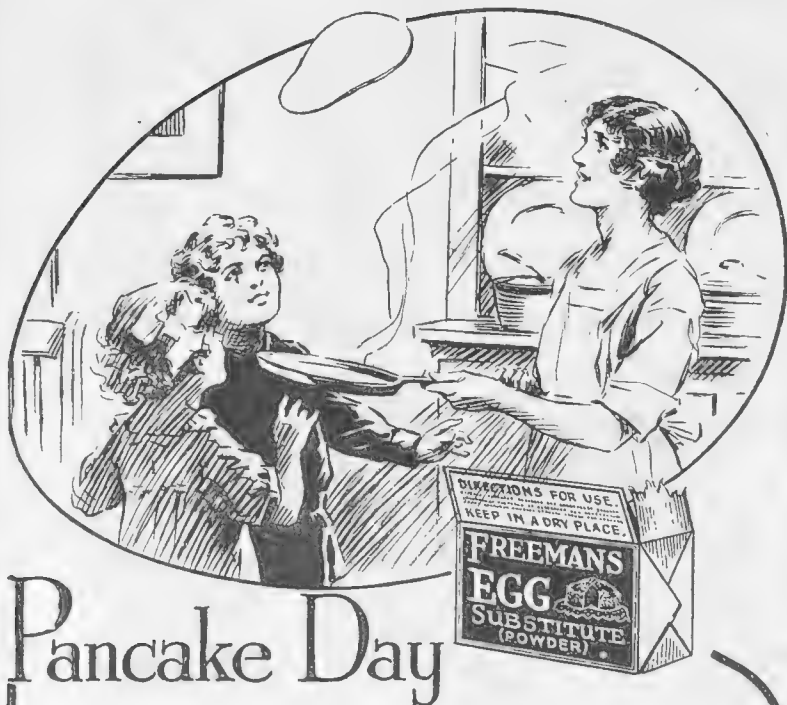
is used, because it trains the hair in any
way desired. Just pour a little into the
palm of your hand, rub well into the
scalp, and then the work with the brush
and comb will be quick and satisfactory.
You will quickly realise that Anzora

Masters the Hair

Anzora Cream—the preparation for those
with slightly greasy scalps—and Anzora
Viola—for those with dry scalps.



Anzora Perfumery Co., 28, 32, 34, Willesden Lane,
London, N.W.6.



Pancake Day

*"Mix a Pancake,
Stir a Pancake,
Pop it in the Pan;
Fry the Pancake,
Toss the Pancake,
Catch it if you can."*

—And toss it and turn it you will—whole and unbroken—if you use FREEMANS EGG SUBSTITUTE (Powder).

FREEMANS is dependable—Eggs in these days are uncertain. Just mix it in with the Flour—a child can do it—and produce a lovely, smooth, light batter.

A 7½d. packet makes Nine pancakes, while an Egg (at 5½d.) will not make more than two.

MADE IN *Delectaland*
where Pure Foods come from

Freemans
FOOD PRODUCTS
EGG SUBSTITUTE (Powder)

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD.,
(Managing Director—G. HAVINDEN),
Boisseliers (Boy-sel-e-a) Chocolates,
Vi-Cocoa, and Freemans Food Products,
DELECTALAND, WATFORD, Eng.

F 212

WHAT ABOUT IT—WHAT?

"Lista" is the Silk upon which every smartly dressed woman insists; and every man who values luxury without extravagance for his Shirts and Pyjamas.

For all purposes, where a washing silk can be used it should be "Lista," and no other.

This Pure Silk has a wonderful richness and durability, and is dyed in the fastest dyes to insure style and quality. Look for the word "Lista" on the selvedge.

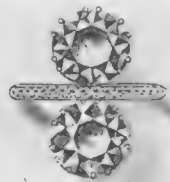


LISTA
PURE SILK

Guaranteed and Manufactured by
Lister & Co., Ltd, Manningham Mills,
Bradford.

J.W. Benson Ltd.

Fine Specimen Gem Rings



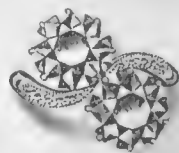
Diamonds
£700



Pearl
£1,050



Diamond
£700



Diamonds
£600

Coloured
Sketches
free

Selections
on
approval

25, Old Bond St. W. 1.

There are two things a Man seldom forgets—

his first love and his first smoke.

The first pipe of Craven Mixture is never forgotten—the flavour, the delightful aroma, and the coolness of its smoking cannot fail to impress the mind of the true lover of a good High-class Tobacco—which Sir J. M. Barrie calls Arcadia in "My Lady Nicotine."

Craven

2/2 per 2 oz.

Made by
CARRERAS, Ltd.
55, Piccadilly,
London, W.1.
Established 1788.



SESSEL PEARLS

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.



Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklet, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

The "Sphere" says:—
"A row of wonderful Sessel reproduction Pearls will amply satisfy even the most fastidious taste."

The "Bystander" says:—
"In colour, weight, and general appearance there is absolutely nothing to choose between the two pieces."

Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings.

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in case,

From £2 : 2 : 0

£4 : 4 : 0

From £2 : 2 : 0

Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold, Silver, etc., Purchased for Cash or taken in exchange.

Illustrated Brochure No. 1 on request post free.

Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from

SESSEL (Bourne, Ltd.),

14 & 14a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.



WHAT AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS SAY

(Typical Extracts from Letters)

(1)

PRIVATE P. O'NEIL
Australian Imperial Force, France

"I had to make nightly trips up with rations; this is rather ticklish work as the roads are constantly being shelled. The continual strain at last told on me, and it was getting worse and worse, until one of my chums put me on to Phosferine, and I am glad to say that it worked, and I am once again fit."

(2)

PRIVATE W. J. CLARK
8th Batt., 2nd Bde., Australian Imperial Force, France

"We had a pretty rough time towards the end of last year, shells and bombs day and night. The man who is not wounded pays the price in another direction, nerves; mine went, so I looked round for a remedy, heard of Phosferine and tried it; it did the trick and now I feel like a new man."

(3)

CORPORAL C. McGHAY
Dispatch Rider, Australian Imperial Force, France

"I was motor dispatch riding in France and had a pretty lively time through continually being on the roads under heavy shell fire, the result of which was that my nerves gave way and I had to be returned to England. I was recommended to try Phosferine, and after taking it for a short while I felt quite well again."

(4)

PRIVATE F. J. DONOVAN
1st Anzac Headquarters, France

"In Gallipoli, Phosferine Tablets did me yeoman service and proved a veritable godsend during those ghastly days in the Peninsula. A return of the old fever trouble withdrew me from the line, and but for the fortifying influence of Phosferine I might possibly not have been writing this."

(5)

J. W. TINDAL
19th Batt. Australian Imperial Force, France

"I found Phosferine a splendid nerve tonic and physical recuperative. After joining up with the Australian Imperial Forces Phosferine continued to prove of great value in negating the effects of the sudden change from clerical work to military duties; it provided a reserve of energy."

These valiant Australian soldiers exemplify the great part Phosferine plays in enabling them to overcome suffering and the most extreme exertions. No special effort exhausts the energy of these valiant men, no extra hardships break down their endurance, because Phosferine recharges their systems with the vitality to survive all the rigours daily experienced.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Backache
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide reputation for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is required. The 3/- tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. Prices: 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

Continued.

done by the C.A., and of how General Allenby used the Huts as close to his headquarters as possible for concerts and services in Egypt. Also, I heard of the Canteens opened by the C.A. for workers of the Holiday Home at Tankerton for girls in connection with the Alexandra Club. During the war they gave it up for soldiers—especially for those recovering from septic poisoning—and are now about to re-occupy it. The Huts on all fronts, supplied and managed by the C.A., have been of inestimable value to the soldiers. Now there are many on occupied territory, and more recreation-grounds and Huts are badly needed; although life for our soldiers is not so choke-full of hardships, it is dull and disagreeable enough. There are many other valuable branches of C.A. work; so I wanted a cheque for Huts, if I had no houses!

Winter's Wicked Ways.

The frost and the bitter winds have been working their wicked will on complexions. "I am a perfect fright; I only go out in the daytime behind a thick veil, so I cannot dine. Thanks, many." That is the sort of thing one has by post; while oral complaints are bitter. It is all due to neglecting proper defences. Excellent of these are Taylor's Cimolite preparations. The powder used to be called Patent Prepared Fuller's Earth, and great people attributed to it, in large degree, the beauty of skin of their girls and women. It is simply splendid in cases of excoriation, chafing, and roughness of skin. In eczema there is nothing better. This Fuller's Earth is a scarce natural variety of Stealite, found mostly in Spain. It is a



The mannequin is displaying a gown of night-blue satin and tulle, adorned with shimmering blue paillettes and blue jet. The roses are of velvet, in dull-blue and pinky-mauve colourings. While selecting an evening gown, Madame wears a very simple morning dress of tan gabardine and black satin, with a seal collar and muff. The small hat and plume are of jade-green.

wonderful dusting-powder. There is also a toilet-cream in this series and soaps. Prepared by John Taylor, 13, Baker Street, there are no finer preventives of skin troubles, and no better means of putting them right when the winds and frosts have put them wrong. Cimolite preparations can be obtained at chemists and stores.

A Jewel of Economy.

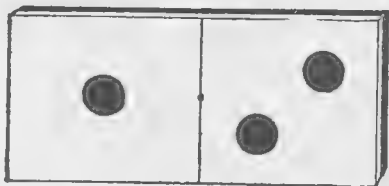
Not a pearl of great price, but a priceless pearl for beauty, sheen, shape, lustre, and colour. It is the celebrated Ciro pearl; celebrated because it brings within general reach a really beautiful thing. For a guinea, a string of Ciro pearls can be purchased, which, until it came along, would have cost anything from five to ten guineas, or even more. There are necklaces, rings, ear-rings, studs, tie-pins, lace-pins, and the uniform price is a guinea. The Ciro Scientific Pearl Company, 42, Piccadilly, W.C., have not only introduced a thing of beauty, at a small cost, but have also established a reputation for satisfying their customers which sends more and more to them. They spare no pains to please, and ask all their customers to bring complaints to them, and they will at once remove any reason for them. It is rather stupid to pay big prices, up to £20, for a string of pearls when you can get quite as good for a guinea.

Good Work Done Quietly.

A remarkably good work has been in unostentatious progress throughout three seasons of the war. It is one to which soldiers

(Continued overleaf)

URODONAL



ONE OR TWO

points are apt to be overlooked by the average individual in dealing with the all-important matter of Health.

SYMPTOMS are often mistaken for ailments. Acute attacks of palpitation and dizziness are attributed to heart trouble, whereas the stomach may be the primary cause, and Indigestion, arising from hyper-acidity, be the real source of disturbance. At the same time it must not be overlooked that neglect of such symptoms may eventually lead to heart trouble. Here again Uric Acid is often the initial and primary cause of the Indigestion; therefore URODONAL, that most powerful of Uric Acid solvents, will attack the enemy in its every stronghold, by expelling it from the blood and tissues, thus restoring the digestive juices to their normal, and enabling the various organs of the body to perform the functions assigned to them by nature.

It is astonishing how many and varied are the ailments that are directly or indirectly attributable to Uric Acid. URODONAL expels this poison, and while removing unpleasant symptoms, also prevents their leading to more serious results and complications.

Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct, post free, 5/6 and 12/6, from the British Agents, HEPPELLE, Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Full descriptive literature sent post free on application to HEPPELLE.

OXO

Fortifies the System against INFLUENZA INFECTION.

Extract from a communication received from a Doctor:—

"A cupful of OXO two or three times a day will prove an immense service as a protective measure. Its invigorating and nourishing properties are most rapidly absorbed into the blood, and thus the system is reinforced to resist the malady. It will be apparent that a strong, healthy person will escape contagion when the ill-nourished one will fall a victim, consequently, one's aim must be the maintenance of strength."

The benefit to the community of a concentrated Fluid Beef like OXO is greater than ever in the present day; it increases nutrition and maintains vitality in the system, and thus an effective resistance is established against the attacks of the influenza organism.

OXO appreciably compensates for the shortage of meat.

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers:
OXO Limited, Thames House, London, E.C.4.

GUARD against 'Flu' by taking Genasprin daily. "Circulating in the blood," writes a prominent physician, "it distributes a powerful antiseptic all over the body, killing the microbes which are the cause of influenza."

GENASPRIN

(Brand of acetyl-salicylic acid)

Don't confuse
Genasprin with
cheap inferior
brands of aspirin

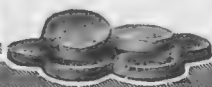


Genasprin is really perfect aspirin—the purest safest brand—guaranteed free from irritant toxic acids, talc borax, and other harmful ingredients. Doesn't depress the heart or upset the digestion, but calms and refreshes the overwrought nerves. Equally beneficent for Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sciatica and other Nerve-Pains; also for Colds, Feverishness, Gout, Lumbago, Rheumatism, and Uric Acid Disorders. Buy a 2/- bottle (35 tablets) at your chemist's to-day, and take after meals—two tablets disintegrated in water.

GENATOSAN, LIMITED

(Makers of genuine Sanatogen & Formamin)

12, Chenies St., London, W.C. 1
(Chairman: The Viscountess Rhonda)



The fragrance of the choicest flowers is delightfully mingled in

Wana-Kanee

The Perfume of Ceylon

Wonderfully lasting and refreshing, its exquisite charm and distinction make it

A Dream of Oriental Fragrance

Perfume, 3/9, 7/6, 13/9, 21/-, and 40/- per bottle;
Hair Lotion, 6/-; Toilet Water, 5/6;
Face Powder, 9d. & 1/4; Dental Cream, 1/4;
Soap, 10d. and 1/9 per tablet; Cachous, 6d.;
Sachets, 7d.; Toilet Cream, 1/3;
Bath Crystals, 3/6 and 6/3;
Shampoo Powders, 3d. each;
Powder Leaf Books, 7d.;
Brilliantine, 1/9.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers.

J. GROSSMITH & SON
DISTILLERS OF PERFUMES
NEWGATE ST
LONDON

TO-DAY when the question of economy is foremost, cigar smokers may continue because La Meriel de Luxe at 47/- per 100 contain the same good qualities as the more expensive brands. They will appeal to the cigar smoker who preferring a good cigar, with the finest Havana flavour and entrancing charm, does not wish to pay heavily for the indulgence. Try a box. We return your money if you are not satisfied. If your tobacconist does not stock, write direct, we will send them post paid, or give address of nearest agent.

47/- per 100. 23/6 per 50.

Post paid for the Troops Abroad;—
36/- per 100. 18/- per 50.

SIDNEY PULLINGER, Ltd.,
41, Cannon Street, BIRMINGHAM.



La Meriel
DE LUXE

AS SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS. C.F.H.

By Appointment



to H.M. the King.

Relaxation of Hoarding Order

To secure the public against the possibility of an interruption in the supply of fresh milk, the Food Controller now permits the purchase, beyond immediate requirements, of twenty-four tins of Condensed Milk in any household.

The plentiful supplies of

NESTLE'S MILK

—THE RICHEST IN CREAM—

now available, should enable everyone to obtain it without difficulty, whether for infants, children and invalids, or for ordinary household purposes. Any housekeeper, no matter in what station of life, who has never yet used Nestlé's Milk should at once try its infinite possibilities and avoid all anxiety as to the fresh milk supply.

New Control Price **1/1** Per Large Tin

A book of useful recipes—"Dainty Dishes" post free on receipt of postcard to
NESTLÉ'S, (Advt. Dept.) 6, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.

Continued.

and sailors testify the keenest appreciation and the most sincere gratitude. The Æolian Company have given free Sunday evening concerts at their hall in New Bond Street for our fighting men and their women friends.



THE NEW PUBLIC TRUSTEE:
MR. O. R. A. SIMPKIN.

Mr. Simpkin is to be the Public Trustee in place of Sir Charles Stewart, resigned. He is a barrister, called to the Bar in July 1905, and is well known at the Chancery Bar.

Photograph by C.N.

concert, when the clever dancing of Miss Mavis Yorke was a delight to the audience.

Fine Feathers for a Bird Bride.

Miss Clarice Mary Barton French (only daughter of the late S. Barton French, New York and Virginia, U.S.A., and of Mrs. Barton French), who was married last week, at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Major Augustus Bird, D.S.O., R.A.F., had a lovely wedding-gown, which created something of a sensation. It was of ivory-white satin beauté; the sleeves were very graceful, and composed of

Limerick lace, a peep of which, at the left side of the skirt, suggested a draped underskirt. There was a girdle of pearl embroidery falling in ends to one side near the back of the skirt. The train was attached at the front of each shoulder with diamond ornaments. It was wide at the hem, and was rather like a Venetian Manteau de Cour, with a large true-lovers' knot executed in orange-blossom near the hem. The veil, of old family lace, was cleverly arranged in an adaptation of mantilla style, and a wreath of laurel-leaves was so worn that it showed only at an interval between waves of hair. The effect of this bridal costume, a creation by Debenham and



GENERAL PLUMER AT COLOGNE: INSPECTING THE BRITISH RHINE GUNBOAT PATROL.—[Photograph supplied by C.N.]

Freebody, was distinguished and original—characteristics which, I may add, are never sought in vain in the creations of that house. Major and Mrs. Bird, notwithstanding that he does belong to the R.A.F., did not fly for their honeymoon.



WHERE TO WINTER.

SEASON 1918-1919.

CANNES NICE MONTE-CARLO (Casino open all the year round.) CAP-MARTIN MENTONE

Maximum Sunshine. Mean temperature 59° Fahrenheit.
Opera, Drama, and Comedy. Classic and Modern Concerts.
Golf, Lawn Tennis.
Thermal Establishment. Electric and Medicated Baths.
Excellent Hotel Accommodation.

Every information from the INTERNATIONAL RIVIERA AGENCY, 71, Regent St., London, W.1.

Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS,"

139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

TIME EASILY READABLE
IN THE DARK.

GUARANTEED
/ TIMEKEEPER.

3-ct. Gold
\$9 10 0

Solid Silver,
£4 0 0



18-ct. Gold,
£14 10 0

WILSON & GILL'S FAMED "SERVICE" WRISTLET WATCH,
WITH WHITE or BLACK DIAL, LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

Wilson and Gill's "Service" Wristlet Watches are fitted with an extra stout and practically unbreakable bevelled crystal glass. Immense numbers are now in use, and have proved their thorough reliability during the present campaign.

Section showing Damp and Dust-proof Front and Back Unscrewed.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

SO many people nowadays, either from necessity or choice, are undertaking many erstwhile unaccustomed household duties that the protection of their hands and arms from the ill-effects of dust and dirt is a very real problem.

Pond's original Vanishing Cream will safeguard your skin against even the roughest work—will keep your hands and arms beautifully soft and white, and give an added radiance to your complexion. Simply apply this non-greasy, non-sticky cream night and morning after washing, and chapped hands or a rough, red complexion are impossible.

Used before the War and again now by prominent Society Beauties, leading Actresses, and all who delight in the charm of a clear, perfect complexion.

Of all Chemists and Stores in 1/3 Jars.

Pond's Vanishing Cream

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 86), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1



There's Real
Food Value in

**Pascall
Confectionery**

**SWEETS AND
CHOCOLATES**

Made of the very finest materials, under conditions hygienically perfect, Pascall Specialties are the purest and best of their kind.

Insist on Pascall's—whatever kind of sweets or chocolate you buy.

Pascall Specialties are obtainable—in limited quantities—at Confectioners everywhere.

JAMES PASCALL, LTD.,
LONDON, S. E.



More Food Released

The Government, recognising the great food value of "Skippers," has released the supplies kept in bond for emergencies, and has granted shipping facilities for importing more "Skippers." Once again everyone can enjoy delicious "Skippers" in olive oil.

Weight for weight, "Skippers" are more nourishing than meat, and the valuable phosphates and fats which they contain will repair the wear of war on brain and nerve.

Your retailer will supply you with a tin of

"Skippers"
are
Brisling
with
Good Points.

"SKIPPERS" for 1/-
(GOVERNMENT PRICE).

A guarantee on every can.

"Skippers"

ANGUS WATSON & CO., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

YOUR HAIR PERMANENTLY WAVED

BY
MARCEL'S
SURPASSES ALL
AND
WILL DEFY
**SHAMPOOING,
TURKISH
BATHS
OR
SEA-BATHING**



This is because Marcel's, after many years of careful study, have perfected the method of permanently waving the hair to resist all conditions which in the ordinary way tend to give unsatisfactory results. The straightest hair can be permanently waved. Short hairs are made into small curls, producing a perfect, natural effect. In fact, when waved by Marcel's it is impossible to tell that the hair is not naturally wavy. The hair does not look frizzy, as is so often the case when not properly treated.

FREE DAILY DEMONSTRATIONS are given at Marcel's Salons to those ladies who care to call at any time, but if it is not convenient to call, there are inexpensive devices by which ladies may wave their own hair at home with just the same permanent effect. The Outfits also produce quite natural and soft waves, no matter whether you use the Marcel "Perm" Outfit for £3 10s., "Grand Perm B" Outfit for £2 4s., or the "Grand Perm A" Outfit for £2 6s. The only difference lies in increased simplicity of use with increased cost. We shall be delighted to send to any address copies of testimonials and full particulars of the MARCEL PERMANENT WAVING OUTFITS FOR HOME USE on receipt of the coupon at foot duly filled in.

[These Outfits are specially suitable for use abroad and for countries where heat, damp and tropical conditions prevail. This has been proved over and over again by testimonials received.]

COUPON.

The Secretary, MARCEL'S PERMANENT, Ltd.,
353, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

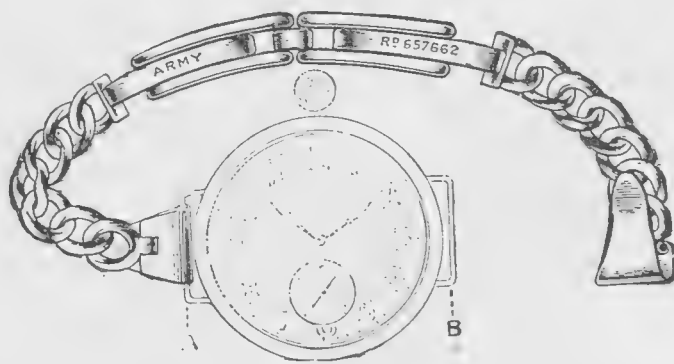
SIR,—Please send me full particulars of the inexpensive MARCEL HAIR-WAVE for HOME USE, for which I enclose a 3d. stamp.

Name.....

Address.....

The Sketch 26/2/19.

AT LAST THE PERFECT WRISTLET FOR YOUR WATCH



EVERY WEARER OF A WRIST WATCH will admit that the handiest place a watch can be worn is on the wrist. He will also grant that the customary leather strap as a means of attachment is unsound. That it can be bettered even to the point of perfection is what we claim for our new Wristlet. PLEASE CONSIDER THE PRINCIPLE of construction, its features, for one minute. The centre is formed of two elongated connections, slightly curved to suit the shape of the arm, and which gently expand or contract with every movement of the muscle. Rain, even continual damp cannot put them out of order. To these are attached sections of flat curb chain, purposely of an open pattern to permit the free flow of perspiration. Each link is solid and practically of one piece, a guarantee in itself of strength and life.

MOREOVER THE WRISTLET IS SO PLANNED that it cannot "fly off" the arm in the event of a sudden knock or jerk. WE KNOW AND OTHERS CONFIRM this wristlet to be a thoroughly sound, reliable, and much wanted invention. We believe you would like and appreciate its many features if only you would try it, and we shall willingly help you to do so. There are two widths, the one for a lady, the other for a man, so please say which you wish in writing us. Also mention the "Sketch" so that we may know exactly to what you refer. Enclose your remittance for the price and 6d. postage and you shall have this Wristlet on approval. If not fully satisfied a refundment in full will immediately be made.

As there are several lengths it will ensure an exact fit if you enclose a slip of paper the total circumference of your wrist, and also mention the width of your watch from A-B (see illustration).

Silver { Burnished, 21/-
Oxidized, 23/6

9-ct. Gold { Gent's £5 10s.
Ladies' £4 10s.

BROOK & SON

Goldsmiths to His Majesty the King,
87, GEORGE ST., EDINBURGH.

Beautiful Teeth

keep beautiful just as long as they are properly protected against discoloration and decay—and no longer. All toothpastes do not prevent discoloration and few prevent decay. The new dentifrice—Pomeroy Tooth Paste—does both, perfectly. It is a beautiful paste. You will like using it, you will notice a great improvement in the appearance of your teeth, and—better still—you will preserve them. For its sterilizing properties are even more remarkable than its value as a cleansing agent.

**Pomeroy
(MENTHOL-CARBOLIC)
Tooth Paste**

The smooth, fine
Paste without a
particle of grit in it.
Subtly flavoured.

1/- a Tube

Of high-class Chemists
and Perfumers.

Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd.,
29, Old Bond Street,
London, W.1

ROUGH AND CHAPPED HANDS

so troublesome just now, especially to ladies engaged in work about the house, are easily avoided by using

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

(WITH GLYCERINE)

a Fragrant Toilet Milk, neither sticky nor greasy. It removes all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, &c., arising from exposure to Cold Winds and Frost, or from the use of Hard Water. Apply a little every time the hands are washed, and it will keep them in perfect condition.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-.

M. BEETHAM & SON,
Cheltenham Spa,
England.



SOCIETY GOSSIP.

The Viceregal Engagement.

The Hon. Anne Thesiger and Lord Carnegie have not followed the fashionable plan of announcing the date of their marriage at the same time as the news of their engagement is given to an interested world. Lord Carnegie, who is twenty-six this year, is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Southesk, and is in the Scots Guards. As A.D.C. to Lord Chelmsford, he has had plenty of opportunity of getting thoroughly acquainted with his bride—who, on her side, is merely following the example set by Lady Cromer, who, as Lady Ruby Elliot, married the then Viscount Errington, one of Lord Minto's A.D.C.s. Lord Francis Scott, who married Lady Eileen Elliot in 1915, acted in the same capacity. Details of the marriage have not yet been published; but, if the ceremony *should* take place at Simla, Delhi, or Calcutta, it would give a fillip to social life in India, which, though it preserved more of its gaiety during the war than did England, would be all the better for some big semi-official social function of the kind that the marriage of the Viceroy's daughter would provide.

The Royal Event.

The number of those who are disappointed of their wish for a seat in Westminster Abbey for Princess Patricia's wedding is sure to be large, for the bride has many more friends and well-wishers than those with whom she is personally acquainted. It is a rather interesting fact that though Westminster Abbey is rich in historic associations, and is invariably the scene of the Coronation of a British King or Queen, Royal weddings have always taken place elsewhere—usually at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, or the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, where the limited accommodation necessitated the cutting-down of invited guests to

a minimum. The Royal decision that nothing remotely suggestive of mourning was to be in evidence at the ceremony ought to go a long way towards making the marriage a brilliant social function, as well as an event of deep personal interest to the Royal Family.

Signs of the Times.

Many are the little homely touches, the old-time revivals, to remind us that we are returning to the ways of peace. The Apaches, for instance, are busy in Paris, and our own old-fashioned burglars are doing overtime in London; there are dances at Londonderry House; the Asquith ladies are at Biarritz; a special train was arranged for the Devitt-Hale wedding at Shirburn Castle, lent by Lord Macclesfield; and, most peace-timely of all, Lady Cynthia Curzon gets her licence endorsed for driving to the public danger on the Embankment. I do not mean that she spent her time collecting endorsements before the war; but during the duration such offences seldom or never cropped up. There is just that extra strain of independence or high spirits about the motorist all on her own which takes her into the tight corners avoided by the war-worker.

Among the words which the exigencies of war had almost driven out of existence were many which in former days—days which for years had seemed almost incredible—betokened comfort and plenty was "abundance." It is a relief to see it gradually making its way back into the records and comments of everyday life. It was in truth a welcome novelty to see in a shopping report of last week that "Smithfield was over-stocked with meat . . . the best we have had for a long time." It invites, also compels, one to cry with Hamlet: "For this relief, much thanks."

AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. Evenings, at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2.
W. H. BERRY. 2nd Year. "THE BOY."

CRITERION. "YOU NEVER KNOW, Y'KNOW."
THE FUNNIEST FARCE IN TOWN. (LAST WEEK.)
NIGHTLY, at 8. MATINEES TO-DAY, THURS., & SATURDAY, at 2.30. (Ger. 3844)

DALY'S. (Ger. 201) "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
The GEORGE EDWARDS Musical Production. (THIRD YEAR.)
Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Mabel Sealby, Faith Bevan, and re-appearance of JOSE COLLINS.
EVERY EVENING, at 8. MATINEES TUESDAYS & SATURDAYS, at 2.

DRURY LANE. (Ger. 2588) "BABES IN THE WOOD."
EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. MATS. WED., THURS., SAT., 1.30.

GAIETY. Evenings, at 8. Mats. Mon., Wed., and Sat., at 2.15.
"GOING UP."
JOSEPH COYNE, Mabel Green, Evelyn Laye, Rosie Campbell, Austin Melford.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722.) "NURSE BENSON."
EVERY EVENING, at 8. MATINEE WEDS. and SATS., at 2.15.
FRED KERR. MARIE LÖHR. LOITIE VENNE. DAWSON MILWARD.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3687) Nightly, 8. DORIS KEANE in "ROXANA."
BASIL SYDNEY. ATHENE SEYLER. Matinees Weds. and Sats., at 2.15.

PRINCE OF WALES. "FAIR AND WARMER."
FAY COMPTON, Dorothy Dix, Ronald Squire, Edward Combermere, and DAVID MILLER. The best laugh in London.—Daily papers.

QUEEN'S. PERCY HUTCHISON in "THE LUCK OF THE NAVY."
AS PLAYED BEFORE H.M. THE QUEEN. NIGHTLY, at 8.
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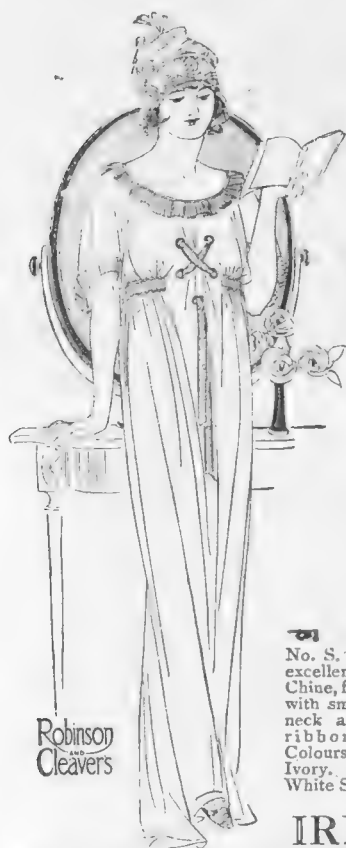
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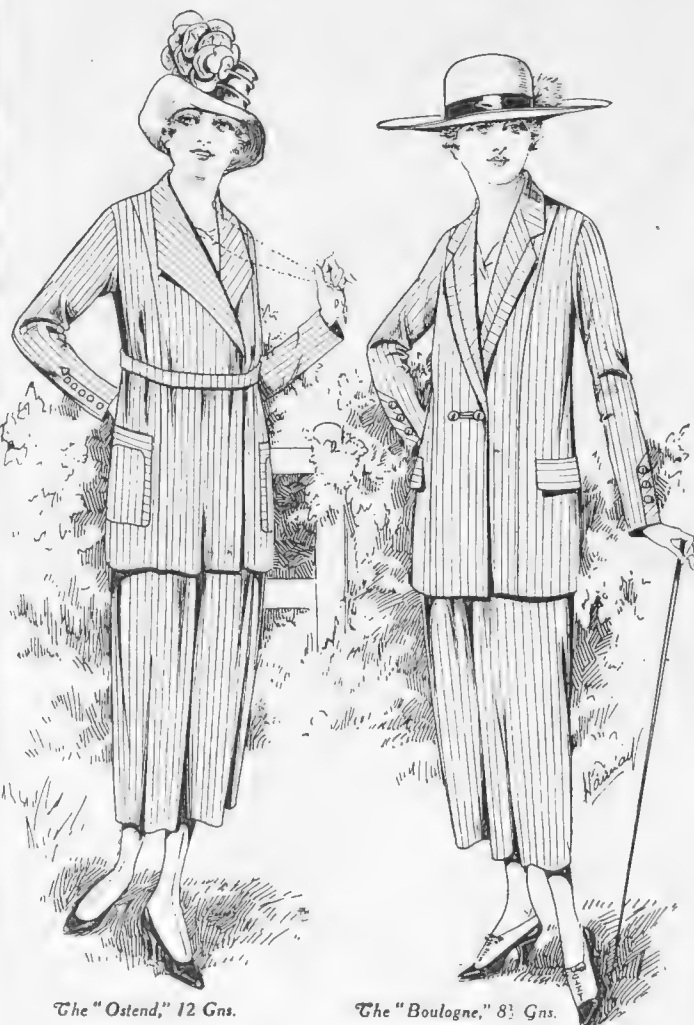
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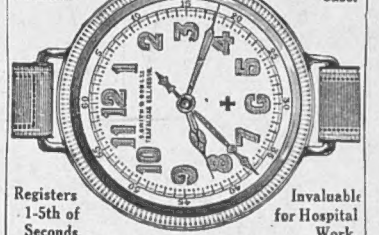
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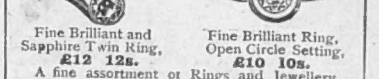
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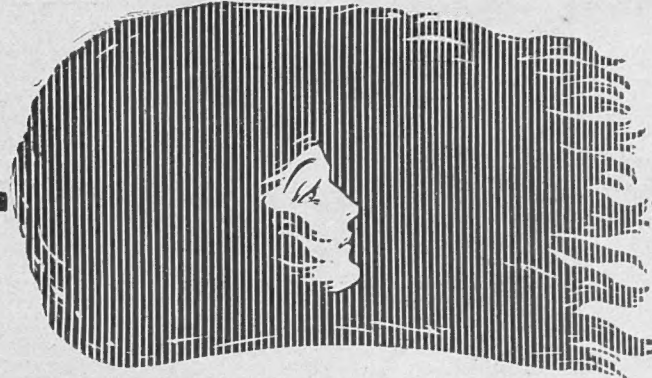
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Try This: Two Generations Old

And never failed yet to keep the bowels regular, the temper smooth, the liver active, the appetite vigorous and healthy. The recipe is:

"Keep Carter's Little Liver Pills where you know where to find them and don't wait to be bilious. They're a pleasure to take." Children prefer them.

Purely
vegetable.



Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price.
GENUINE must bear signature

Brent Good

The "De Reszke" Art Gallery



Picture Offer

To "De Reszke" Smokers

This picture, printed in colours on fine art paper, 15 in. x 10 in., will be sent to any smoker forwarding to address below a "De Reszke" box lid and 4d.

(or without box lid 1/-),
mentioning Picture
No. 64.

Miss José Collins

who plays Teresa in "The Maid of the Mountains," writes: "I MUST SAY THAT 'DE RESZKES' ARE THE BEST CIGARETTES I HAVE SMOKED."

Among other representative opinions are the following:

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather writes:
"I greatly appreciate your 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes. I never smoke anything but Virginia Cigarettes myself, and I think yours very good indeed. Smoking as much as I do it is very necessary to have mild and non-injurious ones. Yours are such."

Sydney Valentine, Esq., writes:
"I found your 'De Reszke' Cigarettes very pleasant, soft, and mild and certainly they had no ill effect on my throat. As I am only able to smoke the finest tobacco, I am quite sure they are all you claim for them."

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch writes:
"It is quite impossible that I should ever prefer an Egyptian or Virginian Cigarette to a Turkish, but my friends tell me that the 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes are the best on the market."

Miss Dolf Wyllarde, F.R.G.S., writes:-
"I find the 'De Reszke' American ('My life's best blend') the best Virginia Cigarette that I have ever smoked."

Edmund Gosse, Esq., writes:
"The 'De Reszke' Cigarettes are pronounced excellent by all those who have tried them."

"DE RESZKE"
The Aristocrat of REGD
Cigarettes

The following are the correct prices—don't pay more!

AMERICAN: 10 for 9½d.; 25 for 2/-; 50 for 3/11; 100 for 7/8. TENOR: 10 for 1/3; 25 for 2/10½; 50 for 5/7; 100 for 10/9.
Sold Everywhere, or post free from J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd. (Dept. 3), 86 Piccadilly, London, W. 1.